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THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 9 & 16, 1977

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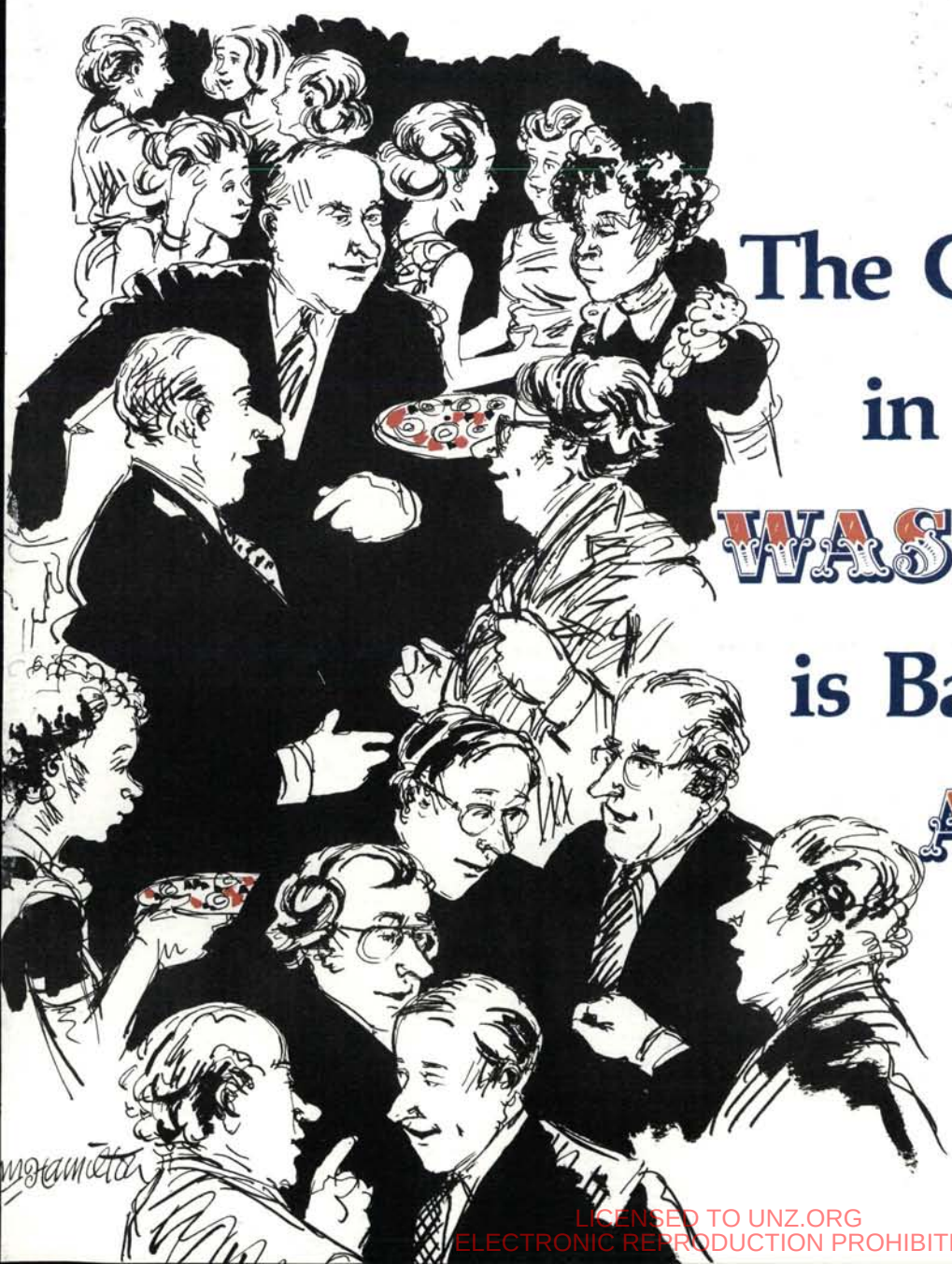

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TRB

from Washington ®
July 9 & 16, 1977

Matters for Mencken

How H.L. Mencken would have slapped his paunchy knee and twinkled his china-blue eyes in cynical rapture over the Neutron bomb as another example of human folly. Really, the thing is wasted without Mencken around. The Neutron bomb, you see, is small, it's "clean"; it's teensy-weensy; it's a cut-rate H-bomb that kills all the people in the neighborhood with radiation but lacks the punch to destroy buildings. How economical. What a weapon for cleaning out cities. And what a plaything for the generals.

At last we have invented a humane bomb: humane to buildings. Mencken would have kicked up his short legs in sardonic relish over man's new absurdity.

Is it that there are more of these Menckensque touches nowadays, or does it just seem that way? (I remember interviewing Senator Homer Capehart at Wendell Willkie's acceptance speech along with Mencken and, I think, Turner Catledge, out in the wilds of Elwood, Indiana. Capehart was in charge of the sanitary facilities and boasted of his woodshed structures, "everyone a 100-holer," he said, complacently; and Mencken could hardly wait to get outside to rub his hands over this addition to the American language. But Capehart's buildings were hardly adequate and Rabelaisian scenes followed for the crowd of 100,000 in the high grass. Ah well.

Most Americans consider our system superior to that of the Russians (which it is), of course. Why can't Russians accept our goodness of heart; why do they have to raise such a howl at the thought of these "enhanced-radiation warhead" N-bombs, propelled by Lance missiles or heavy artillery? We are discussing SALT disarmament, but so what? The Russians always have a good deal of trouble understanding us; some even argue that our proposed humane N-bombs are akin to outlawed poison gas.

Or take another example: take abortions. In the United States the way the Supreme Court and Congress are working it out the constitutional guarantees of due process and equal protection of laws are going to allow women who want abortions and who can pay for them to have them legally in hospitals; the poor women who can't pay for them from Medicaid funds must either have the unwanted child (as another recruit to welfare rolls) or must submit to some back-alley, kitchen-table, witch doctor. How different the Russian approach. In the absence of birth control in Russia, abortion is the most widely used method of preventing unwanted children, as it is in China. Stalin made abortions illegal in 1936 but abortion-on-demand was legalized again in 1955. The Russians probably will ridicule the confused situation in the United States and try to make it seem as though there were some kind of discrimination against the poor.

Only Mencken could do justice to the American government's campaign to assassinate a string of small country's leaders we didn't like, implacably spread on the record in September 1975 by the Senate Intelligence Committee. Some taxpayers object to having their money used. A few are always squeamish. It's all on the record. Richard Bissell was chief of covert operations for the CIA, with a small section known as "Executive Action." The Senate committee documents eight of our attempts against Fidel Castro, and Castro says there were 24 (but you know how he exaggerates everything). One idea was to dust his shoes with powder to make his beard fall out; another was to impregnate his cigars with LSD to make him babble when making a speech and thus discredit him. The secret program began under Eisenhower; Jack Kennedy probably knew of the attempts on Castro and Robert Kennedy certainly did; Bill Moyers reviewed the whole thing last month in an extraordinary one hour CBS documentary. Besides these jolly efforts to discredit Castro in a rather nice way there were the straight-out murder attempts, such as our government used against eight foreign leaders, of whom five died violent deaths. A couple of handy Mafia murderers were enlisted by Robert Maheu (later to show up in Watergate)—Roselli, Giancana and Trafficante. A cobra venom and a lethal shellfish toxin was distilled, an ingenious fountain pen was invented by the "Technical Services Division" that

(continued on page 41)

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We can't guarantee a Volvo will last the same length of time in this country. But it's nice to know the potential for survival is there.

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We've introduced rack and pinion steering because it's surer and more precise.

We've improved our entire suspension system. So you get a smooth ride, even over unimproved roads.

We've redesigned our engines to make them faster and more efficient.

In high-speed passing, the Volvo 264 with its overhead cam V-6—surpasses a BMW 320i. The Volvo 240—with its fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine—out-accelerates a Cutlass with a V-8.

We've also made the inside of a Volvo a more comfortable place to spend the years.

We've added a 12-outlet heating and ventilation system that keeps the air continuously fresh.

In 1964, we introduced orthopedically-designed bucket seats. Which we've been improving ever since.

Volvo seats now adjust in eight different directions. They have lumbar supports that you can firm or soften against the small of your back. And on the Volvo 264, the driver's seat is heated.

When it comes to safety, no one demands more of Volvo than Volvo.

Even the U.S. government is impressed by what we've accomplished.

They recently bought 24 Volvos for a testing program that will help establish safety standards for cars of the future.

What all of this proves is simple.

A Volvo may last a long time.

But you'll get a lot more out of it than years.

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The car for people who think.

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"The risks of building the B-1 are greater than the risks of not building it."

"No one disagrees with the need for a strong national defense. But military experts do disagree whether the B-1 bomber is the best way to make us stronger.

Nevertheless, the Pentagon argues that we cannot afford the military risks of not building it.

But building the B-1 carries even greater risks. Consider what the $87 million cost of just one plane will do:

– Continue to help 7,500 working families with day care assistance, ($20 million per year) which was nearly eliminated this year when New York State faced a budget squeeze.

– Plus, pay the annual salary of every uniformed Boston police officer, ($33 million), at a time when the city might have to reduce foot patrols unless new funds are found.

– Plus, extend for nearly 2 full years the life of Philadelphia's only public hospital, ($18 million per year), which the city plans to close, claiming lack of funds.

That's why we're opposed to the B-1. We represent the people who work for state and local governments.

Every day, these workers see how badly the money for just one B-1 is needed here at home.

We're urging Congress not to buy what the Pentagon is selling. The price and risks of building the B-1 are too great."

"The business of government is people."

– **Jerry Wurf,** President

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Correspondence

A disclaimer

To the editors:
I am very grateful to Henry Fairlie for his generous—too generous—review of my book *Hermit of Peking* (June 4). What cat would not purr, so deliciously stroked? But I must disclaim one achievement which he ascribes to me. He says that I have "put down" my colleagues A.J.P. Taylor and J.H. Plumb. It is true that once, 20 years ago—in a review of one particular book, *The Origins of the Second World War*—I expressed dissent from the historical interpretation of Mr. Taylor, whose other works I have invariably praised. But I have never expressed anything but admiration for the historical work of Professor Plumb.

Hugh Trevor-Roper
Oxford University

In reply:
My suggestion that Hugh Trevor-Roper has ever "put down" his fellow historians was more qualified than he implies. I thought I was simply teasing, as I have heard all three of them, in their day, being teases.

Henry Fairlie

Memory and interpretation

To the editors:
For many years, I have regularly read *The New Republic*. I have found the magazine to be interesting, informative, and challenging, and I have come to believe in the accuracy and integrity of facts presented by its journalists.

I was, therefore, deeply disturbed by an alleged quotation of me on the "Washington Diarist" page of your May 28th issue. To understand the importance of the alleged quote one must read the entire paragraph:

> *Gerald Ford had no memory or stomach for the past. That's why, I think, he pardoned Nixon almost before he'd found his way around the White House. Ford did not know his real father until one day, when he was working as a soda jerk, a man came up to him and said, 'I am your father.' Ford immediately responded, 'I forgive you.' What he was forgiving was the greatest of pains, that of desertion by a parent. Someone who forgives that so easily is capable of forgiving anything.*

M.P. never contacted me, and I have no idea as to the source of that alleged quote. I can say with emphasis that it does not and never will accurately express my feelings.

To publish an alleged quote, which in fact was never made, and to come to the conclusion reached by M.P. is not in keeping with the high standards of *The New Republic*.

Gerald R. Ford
Rancho Mirage, California

In reply:
Mr. Ford's forgiveness of his real father was described in several magazines. I incorrectly telescoped a lengthier process into a single confrontation. For that I apologize. If Mr. Ford and I differ on how his relationship with his father is to be interpreted, I cannot apologize for that.

M. P.

Electoral reform

To the editors:
I was pleased to see M.E.K. make so able a rebuttal ("Election Reform," *TNR*, June 25) to recent *TNR* editorials on the Electoral College and voter registration. I never expected Populist sentiments from an editorial crew that evidently prides itself on lineal descent from Hamiltonians like Herbert Croly and Walter Lippmann. But I was shocked to see you argue that the problem of voting fraud in places like Cook County justifies diluting the value of the franchise, and tolerating the decline in voting, all over the country. Hamilton himself might have gagged on that.

Isn't there a powerful whiff of blaming the victim (not to mention self-fulfilling prophecy) in your argument on behalf of the Electoral College and against universal registration? Why not go after the corrupters of the ballot box, instead of the voters whose ballots get corrupted and those who don't vote because they're sick of political corruption? Who's more cynical, Chicago pols who manipulate the rubes' votes, or Washington editorialists who can't see that it matters whether the rubes vote at all?

I enjoyed M.E.K.'s dissent so much that I'd like to know to whom credit is due. Which M.K. on your mast is M.E.K.? Is it Michael Kinsley or Morton Kondracke? Or Martin Peretz making mischief?

Eugene E. Leach
Trinity College
Hartford, Connecticut

In reply:
It is Michael Kinsley. Martin Peretz makes enough mischief over his own initials.

The editors

The Irish have a word for it

To the editors:
Henry Fairlie, it appears, finally was able to deliver himself of the 25-year-old retained news that he was "one of the few people in the world who has legitimately defecated high in the transept of Westminister Abbey" ("Vivat Regina," *TNR*, June 18). His recollection will live in the annals of journalism.

This lofty scatalogical note finally, I feel, gives me license to tell of my Eighth Air Force bombardier's penchant. An Irishman who ardently hated the monarchy, he would defecate in his flak helmet and, from 24,000 feet in our Liberator, dump helmet and contents on Buckingham Palace, and, in fact, on Westminster Abbey—some nine years before Fairlie's deposit.

In fairness I should say that our bombardier also similarly bombarded targets in Berlin, Hamburg and occupied Paris (notably the two dirigible hangars that used to serve the Germans at Orly).

Arthur Shay
Deerfield, Illinois

Hu Feng's foot

To the editors:
Re Simon Leys' review of *Comrade Chiang Ch'ing* (*TNR*, June 25):

> *Shamefacedly, I must admit that I, for one, did not know that* Hu Feng never set foot in Yenan.

I am outraged.

Marc Robbins
Washington, DC

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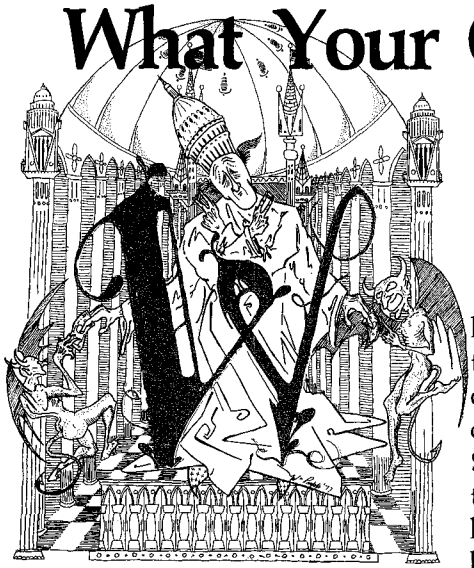

When staring out the window of our offices here on Nineteenth Street in the nation's capital, we have the privilege of overlooking the entrance to the Washington Palm restaurant. Of the apparently endless number of expensive restaurants that have opened around Washington over the past few years, the Palm is especially notable for its delicatessen decor, mediocre food and absurd prices. Nevertheless, the Palm is a great success with the Washington restaurant crowd—a varied but hermetically sealed mixture of politicians, lawyers, lobbyists, journalists and occasional sports and entertainment figures. Two notorious incidents in the Palm's brief life have only increased its popularity with these people, occasionally identified together as "opinion leaders." A couple of years ago a New Deal lawyer who became rich representing corporations in front of the agencies the New Deal spawned choked to death on a piece of lobster. Then earlier this year the maitre d' was arrested for dealing cocaine on the premises. Represented by the law firm of Edward Bennett Williams and (until recently) Joseph Califano, he was acquitted.

We sometimes wonder while observing this spectacle, why do Washingtonians, who consume with such zest, do it so ineptly? Why are the restaurants so bad? Why is the entire fashionable population hostage to whatever trend is declared by the *Washingtonian* or the Style section of the *Post*? Why do Washingtonians, residents of the most prosperous urban area in the country, exercise so little independent judgment about how they spend their money? In the best educated metropolis in the country, why is there so much vulgarity and so little cultural diversity? One explanation is that intelligent consumption takes more than just money—it takes energy and thought; and in Washington the ruling passion to which energy and thought are devoted remains not "lifestyle" (as they say in California, where it *is* the ruling passion), but power.

A more interesting theory is that many Washingtonians don't really appreciate the value of money, having done nothing productive to earn it. Well, let us be kinder. Most Washingtonians probably think the work they do is valuable, and many may be right. But Washingtonians live outside the world of supply and demand, in a culture where there almost never is an *objective* measure of the value of one's work—as in tons of coal shovelled, or number of hamburgers sold. So it is hard for them to connect the money they are paid with the work they are doing. If they work hard, it is for internal satisfaction. The money simply comes.

This Washington culture has a public and a private sector, just like the real world, but there the similarity ends. Both sectors depend on the federal government and both sectors operate several levels of abstration removed from the production of the goods and services they consume with such vigor. This culture was created, with the best will in the world, by liberals such as the writers and readers of this journal, who believe that a large and powerful federal government can contribute to solving the ills of society. The public sector consists of civil servants and politicians whose jobs are secure and whose salaries can keep rising because nobody expects the government to break even. The private sector consists of two subgroups. One is what some conservatives see as a vast protection

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ıltants and lobbyists and other
ın high style by private cor-
that these people can explain the
ıt to them or vice versa. The second
ıore consultants, experts and "fellows"
che government and private industry to
think or perhaps to study something and
ı report.

ɔurse there is a constant shuffle among these
ɔories, especially at the highest levels. Almost
ɔody who comes to Washington ever leaves. Even
ɛepublicans, celebrators of private enterprise and anathemizers of the bureaucracy, arrive to govern but stay to consult. The old saying that "Democrats buy, Republicans rent" no longer applies, which is why the dominant subject of conversation everywhere in town these days is not politics but real estate. The constant shuffle—more often referred to as the "revolving door"—is what makes "comparability" arguments for federal pay raises so absurd. Just because private enterprise will pay someone far more than he's worth because of his connections with or understanding of the government is no reason why the government itself should have to match this "deferred bribe" (Ralph Nader's term) in advance. The typical revolving door type gets a pay raise both when he enters the government *and* when he leaves it.

So happy Independence Day to all of you from all of us here in the imperial city. Thanks to the exertions of your federal government, you remain independent of the British, and of the Russians, and of the most abject forms of poverty and disease. Thanks to those same exertions, we here in Washington are independent as well of the ebb and flow of the private economy, including those two most terrifying modern scourges, unemployment and inflation. Indeed the vision of generations of liberals has created a prosperous and preposterous city whose population is completely isolated from the people they represent and immune from the problems they're supposed to solve. They are a new privileged class—of high salaries and guaranteed security rather than wealth or birth—and they reflect their class values in the way they choose to live. How can they fail to reflect these values in the way they do their jobs as well?

Jimmy Carter's broad-brush populism rhetoric during last year's campaign occasionally touched on themes similar to today's sermon. At one point Carter said,

> *Too many have had to suffer at the hands of a political and economic elite who have shaped decisions and never had to account for mistakes . . . . When unemployment prevails, they never stand in line looking for a job. When deprivation results from a confused welfare system, they never do without food or clothing or a place to sleep. When public schools are inferior or torn by strife, their children go to exclusive private schools.*

Et cetera. But in the six months since Carter's band of outsiders came to town, they already have learned how to play the inside game.

Item: Much show was made of the dispensing of a few limousines. But the invaluable Style section of the *Post* reported breathlessly last week that the newest status symbol in town is "call your office" radio bleepers, which have been issued to 49 members of the White House staff. By the end of summer, no doubt, entire blocks of Georgetown will be bleeping in harmony. Is our nation more secure, more prosperous, happier as a result of this new presidential policy?

Item from *Washington Dossier*, a local society magazine of astonishing vulgarity and financial success: "Carter people warming up Washington social scene now that they've discovered we're important action for them . . . They're on the embassy, cultural, charity and social circuit *en masse* and happy to find we're human . . . so are they, we've found . . . "

Item from the *Post*'s newly instituted gossip column: Following the recent Democratic fundraising dinner in New York, "the REAL party" composed of "the Carter crew . . . just couldn't wait to get to Regine's to boogie and booze. Which they did to the tune of about $500." Regine's, you'll be relieved to hear, is opening a Washington branch soon.

The salaries Carter is paying his staff hardly are calculated to keep them humble and in touch with the people. Many of them are making more than double what they made before entering the public service, and almost none are making less. Rosalynn Carter's press secretary gets $45,000 a year, compared to $31,000 paid to Betty Ford's. Carter's deputy press secretary, 26 years old, makes $48,500. Like most logical candidates for his job, he previously was a journalist. There is no "comparability" whatsoever between $48,500 and what most journalists—even top ones—get paid. In all 49 White House aides, several still in their 20s, make over $40,000 a year.

Cash on the barrelhead really is a small part of it. The Carter people already have realized, if they are as smart as they'd better be for that kind of money, that as a result of their service to their country they have entered the wonderful world of Washington and never will have to do productive work again for the rest of their lives. As a local wag put it, "They've grown all the peanuts they're going to grow." Whether they choose law, lobbying, corporate boards or more refined hustles such as consultancies and "fellowships," they never will have to think again—except in the abstract—about the problems they will deal with in their professional capacities.

Look at Joe Califano. That is to say, look at him next time his picture is in the paper. He came to Washington in the early 1960s, hungry and ambitious and presumably idealistic. He started out at the Pentagon and soon he was working for LBJ in the White House. Through the Nixon era he practiced Washington law so

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successfully that he was making $500,000 a year by the time he re-entered the government. Now our Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare presumably still is idealistic, but he looks like he's about to burst from sheer prosperity, and he's got a full-time chef (like other Cabinet members) to tend his appetite. Califano should go on a diet. So should this whole city.

We're in the money.

Boom Town

As Washington neighborhoods go, Glover Park is just a pleasant area of young professionals and families. Located north of swishy Georgetown, east of swank Foxhall Road and west of stately Cleveland Park, Glover Park is a convenient in-town place to live, with nice parks and woods nearby, but it never has been as trendy as its neighboring neighborhoods. Occasionally, a congressman moves in, but it's not the sort of place a Cabinet member would live. Very little high policy gets decided in Glover Park drawing rooms because, among other reasons, the brick row houses and duplexes don't have drawing rooms. They have living rooms, dining rooms, small studies and kitchens on the first floor, usually three bedrooms and two bathrooms on the second floor, and little yards out in back. The houses were built 50 years ago to cost $7000 and $8000. Around 1970, progress and inflation had raised the prices to about $33,000 or $35,000. With kitchens remodeled and front porches pulled off to "Georgetownize" them, a few of the houses were up to $40,000. Then the boom times hit Washington real estate, and as this summer house hunting season began, average prices in Glover Park were passing $100,000 and heading higher.

Housing is getting expensive all over the country, to the despair of young marrieds who can't manage a downpayment, and of divorcing couples forced to find two new dwellings with the profits (minus legal fees) from one old one. But only in San Francisco and Los Angeles are housing prices anything like they are in Washington. As of April, the average price of a "used" house here was $66,000, according to the National Association of Homebuilders, more than $25,000 above the national average. For nearly three years, Washington was the undisputed high-cost housing capital of the nation, but now Los Angeles has a higher average, with $68,000. The reason the Washington figure is so high is not that a few thousand very rich people bring up the average by paying outrageous prices to live in Georgetown, Chevy Chase, Potomac and McLean. The new folks moving into Glover Park are among 113,000 adults in the Washington area occupying houses costing more than $100,000.

Why is housing so expensive here? Some special circumstances have held down supply, notably insufficient sewer capacity. But the important factors are on the demand side. Housing prices in Washington are astronomical for the same reason that Bloomingdale's has built two stores in the DC suburbs, its first ventures outside the New York area. It is the same reason Lord and Taylor has three stores hereabouts and Nieman Marcus will be moving in shortly from Texas. Why are there six Mercedes-Benz dealerships in the Washington area and only five in Chicago? Because 21,600 adults live in families owning a Mercedes-Benz is why. It's because, as they say in the media, Washington is "the most affluent market in the United States." According to figures assembled by the *Washington Post* research department, the Washington area's 1976 median family income of $20,300 ranked first among the country's 10 biggest metropolitan areas, just slightly ahead of Long Island, NY, and far above real urban complexes like Detroit, Chicago and Boston, where median incomes all were below $19,000. Washington's per capita income of $7843 was number three in the nation in 1975, according to Commerce Department figures—behind Anchorage, Alaska with $9,666 and New York's rich Connecticut suburbs. But among the biggest 10 metropolitan areas, the capital city was again number one.

It is no longer true, as it was in 1969, that the Washington suburb of Arlington, Virginia has the highest per capita income in the country. US Census Bureau statistics put it third for 1974, behind wheat-growing Steele County, North Dakota, and Prince of Wales County, Alaska. The Commerce Department said that in 1975 Loving County, Texas had the highest per capita personal income, followed by Valdez, Alaska and Haskell County, Kansas. But, number four was Falls Church, Virginia, just south of Arlington. Little places awash in oil money or wheat profits may grab off statistical honors these days, but it remains true that no other metropolitan area in the country has the concentration of high-income suburbs that Washington has. The richest of these in per household income is Fairfax County, Virginia, with $23,900, and Montgomery County, Maryland, with $22,900.

One needn't study computer printouts all day to perceive that people in Washington have money and are willing to spend it. One need only watch one opulent shopping center after another open up and fill with people, watch audiences pour in to see ballet at the Kennedy Center at $15 per seat or read that Washington's two biggest department stores, Hecht's and Woodward & Lothrop, have been forced to eliminate their budget stores and hike prices to keep up with images projected by Sak's and Bloomingdale's. *Washingtonian* magazine, which makes money rating private schools, fine wines and tennis clubs and selling ads for $400 brass beds, designer dresses and hiking clothes you could wear to a soiree, has put it nicely in

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one of its promotion brochures: "In most major cities, you see street vendors selling hot dogs, peanuts or ice cream. In Washington there is a push cart vendor selling Quiche Lorraine, pâté, hummus and fine cheeses. But, that's the way it is in Washington—expensive tastes and the money to afford them. Even in the middle of a major recession."

Remember the recession of 1974? It may be hard to forget in industrial cities which prosper and wilt with the business cycle. Washington is not one of these places. "While recession was taking its toll around the nation," notes a publication of the Washington Board of Trade, "metro Washington residents had a free ride." Its unemployment rate was 30 percent below the national average. "It's not really that Washington's economy is recession proof," according to the Board of Trade. "But, when the largest employer in the area is the federal government itself, employing some 357,000 people, and when thousands more earn their livings from jobs that are directly or indirectly government supported—the thought of what it would take to put the government out of business is . . . unthinkable."

It wasn't planned this way, of course, but Washington always has grown and prospered in times of crisis and turmoil for the rest of the nation. The Civil War caused a doubling of the population. There was another big spurt during World War I, and two huge ones during the Great Depression and World War II. The country—those who run it, at least—never lost a sense of emergency after the Depression and the second war, and Washington has been a boom town virtually ever since. In the 1960s, Washington area population grew by 38 percent, making it the fastest-expanding metropolitan area in the country. San Francisco, in second place, grew just 17 percent.

Those who built and financed housing and office buildings during the postwar era have become very rich in the Washington boom, and so have some zoning lawyers, parking lot barons and sellers of insurance to government employees. So have a number of famous lawyer-lobbyists, some of whom are so rich they have put their portfolios on computers that will tell them what to buy and sell each day to maximize growth. But Washington is less a city of super-rich than it is a place of general affluence. Fully 16 percent of all the adults in Washington—347,000 of them—live in families with incomes above $35,000 per year. Washington has more scientists, engineers, mathematicians and computer specialists, proportionately, than any other big city in the country—double the percentage in Boston, in fact, its nearest competitor. Seventy percent of Washington's work force is white collar and 27.6 percent is professional or technical. It is also important that Washington has the highest percentage of working women of any big city in the country. More than 45 percent of Washington's wives work, which is a major reason why families can buy $100,000 houses and shop at Lord & Taylor. "I always feel sorry when there's only one earner," said a woman who sells real estate in Glover Park.

The *chef de cuisine* of Washington's huge feast, of course, is Uncle Sam—or, rather, the folks out in America who send their dimes and dollars to him. America is very generous to its 350,000 direct employees in the Washington area, although this was not always so. Before 1962, federal pay lagged well behind private industry. A senior government chemist, engineer or lawyer (GS 15), was paid $14,700 in those days, while his counterparts in private industry earned $5000 or $6000 more, on the average. Credit for changing the situation is sometimes given to President Kennedy, who sought to attract the very best people into government; to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which scared Congress by launching Sputnik; and to America's postal unions, which threatened to strike if mailmen were not paid more, and dragged other civil servants with them into prosperity.

Regardless of merit or blame, Congress in 1962 wedded itself to the principle of comparability and declared that federal workers henceforth were to be paid what their counterparts made in the private sector. Ordinary civil servants in Grades 1 through 15 are given pay increases almost automatically, although Congress retains tighter control over salaries of government executives, judges, Cabinet and sub-Cabinet officers and members of Congress themselves. There has been a great fuss in Washington lately about whether America will stand for congressmen to make $57,500 and White House aides in their 20s to be earning salaries in the $40,000 range. But for the vast number of Washington's government workers, the pay escalator continues to rise, quietly and efficiently. Senior career civil servants now earn between $33,800 and $43,900, just like their counterparts in corporate bureaucracies, and their health insurance and retirement benefits are better.

In 1950, federal workers accounted for 40 percent of the Washington area work force, but now they comprise only 23 percent. There was a time when statisticians thought the Washington economy had broken free from the federal trough, but closer examination has shown only that new ways have been found to feed at it. One study by the National Capital Planning Commission indicates that the number of persons in Washington involved in management consulting, for example, increased by 447 percent from 1964 to 1973. Pentagon consultants once were collectively known as "Beltway bandits," but highwaymen offering to perform R&D, systems analysis, public relations, contract evaluation, hardware and software services to the government have proliferated far beyond Washington's circumferential road and the military agencies and have attached themselves to virtually every program and sub-agency in the government. Often, consultants are

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apply their government-acquired expertise and contacts to take more money working indirectly for Uncle Sam than they did directly.

Among Washington's other high-growth enterprises during the 1960s and 1970s have been non-profit organizations, public interest groups, trade associations, think tanks, labor unions, professional organizations and law firms. Most of them are not taking money directly from the government, or even indirectly. Rather, they try to influence the government to make decisions and let contracts in accordance with their interests. Washington has also attracted offices of some 400 private corporations whose expense account executives are in town either to persuade or sell to the government. International organizations, foreign governments and commercial missions also have poured into Washington, which is not only the Nation's Capital, but Headquarters of the Free World.

Population figures indicate that the boom of the 1960s is now over and that, in fact, the 1970s may be Washington's slowest-growth decade in this century. Washington grew and got rich so fast during the 1960s, according to some experts, that it is simply impossible to keep the pace going. Now that federal pay scales have caught up to private industry levels, there can't be another 10-year torrent of money gushing through town. The corporations, lobbies, do-gooders and self-seekers who were most likely to come to Washington have already come. New lawyers and consultants will set up practice, of course, but others will retire and die. By these predictions, Washington is entering a period of affluent, sophisticated, recession-resistant stability. It may be true, but no one should put it past Washington to create a crisis in America, foreign or domestic, that would necessitate lots of new government activity and new round of enrichment for the local population.

Morton Kondracke

You are where you eat.

Let's Have Lunch

As nearly as can be determined, it all started when Joe Kennedy rented out a restaurant for a private dinner the night before his son's inauguration in 1961. The restaurant was Paul Young's on Connecticut Avenue. Its menu featured a bland mix somewhere between French cuisine and French fries, a combination usually described as "continental," presumably because the term doesn't specify which continent and therefore stretches from Lyons, the hometown of haute cuisine, to Kansas City, the capital of charcoal broiled steaks. Still Paul Young's was a brave venture in Washington, a world capital that was a very provincial restaurant town. There were fewer than one hand's count of even approximately French chefs.

Back then, important people went out to dinner frequently—but usually in other important people's homes. Joe Kennedy's private party marked the inauguration of Washington's restaurant era. The party made Paul Young's. It was *the* Kennedy restaurant. The Irish mafia also took to Duke Zeibert's, which was half a block closer to the White House. It was less in-between cuisines than Paul Young's. "You get a good drink and a plain honest meal and you always have," says one former Kennedy aide, now a Washington lawyer, who's been eating there for 15 years.

But the Washington restaurant era has not taken its dominant character from places like that of Duke Zeibert, a onetime waiter who worked, and many say gambled, his way up. What did it was the decided preference of Jackie Kennedy for French food. She had eaten at the Jockey Club, then and now a very expensive French restaurant heavy on the sauces. But it was too far from the White House, especially for lunch. Press Secretary Pierre Salinger started lunching at the Sans Souci. So did Art Buchwald whose opinion was definitely to be valued since he had spent years in Paris. Thus was born a Washington institution, the powerful and the prominent taking their lunch at the S. S., as some of them came to call it. "Never dinner, of course," Frank Mankiewicz smiles. "That's for the tourists."

Ever since Camelot there has been a continuing explosion of high-priced restaurants, largely Francophile. In 1970, Jean Pierre's pioneered the K Street strip. Today within four blocks there are five places where dinner averages $70 a couple. Two of them claim to be Northern Italian, which seems to mean French plus noodles. Eleven of the *Washingtonian* magazine's 20 "Blue Ribbon Restaurants" did not exist before 1970. The clientele continually expands just beyond the table space alloted. This annual *Washingtonian* restaurant guide now defines an inexpensive meal as one costing $25 to $35 dollars for two.

Dining out has become a Washington ritual. "Let's have lunch sometime" is as frequent, as casual, and as meaningless a phrase as "see you soon." Even the private dinner party at night is giving way to the restaurants. At dinner parties you have to sit next to someone you may not know or don't like and table talk is a boring task. The large, lavish parties have become increasingly the preserve of exotic foreign lobbyists like Tongsun Park, South Korea's former fixer in Washington—or of the Ambassadors, among whom the star is Ardeshir Zahedi, who hosted 2000 at the Iranian embassy last October to celebrate the Shah's birthday.

People in Washington define themselves by the restaurants they choose. House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who succeeded in 1952 to John Kennedy's congressional seat, remains loyal to Paul Young's. So does

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another party regular, onetime Democratic National Chairman Bob Strauss. But the real old line restaurant is Duke Zeibert's. Larry O'Brien eats there and Kenny O'Donnell always returns and the labor leaders are steady customers. Duke's remains an in place for "honest American food." It is the restaurant of professional athletes. It has Runyonesque touches: at the next table over from Edward Bennett Williams you might spot a godfatherly character wearing what a friend of mine describes as "a full Cleveland": white tie, white belt, and white shoes.

Duke's patrons are full of lore about the famous. Congressman Gene Keogh of Brooklyn, the sponsor of the Keogh pension plan for the self-employed, ate regularly on other people's tabs. It's said that the farthest he ever got in signing his own name was the "g" in Eugene. Once he was trapped at a table in Duke's with a group of guests he had invited. None of them grabbed for the check. Keogh solved the problem by running across the street to the Mayflower Hotel bar, where he found a lobbyist and brought him back to Duke's—"to meet some interesting people," Keogh explained—and to pick up the check.

The difference between John Kennedy's Irish mafia and Jackie Kennedy's Francophiles has endured. The Duke's types tend to look down on the patrons of the new French restaurants on K Street. "They send the waiters to Berlitz for 2 weeks to learn an accent," one meat and potatoes man sneers. (In fact, some French-sounding waiters are illegal aliens, busily serving, among others, the Senators and Representatives who write the immigration laws.) Lobbyists and lawyers dining *à la client* aside, the diners along K Street who are paying for their own meals tend to be liberals. They're not as tight with their money, which is why they have less. The important question is: What is the hot new restaurant?

Le tout Washington (a term from "Ear," the *Star*'s sprightly gossip column) is awaiting signals from the Carter people about what changes in restaurant fashions they intend to institute. One early policy decision: they *don't* lunch at the Sans Souci, "for symbolic reasons," one of them says.

One man or one event can still make or break a Washington restaurant. Henry Kissinger catered a party for the (Communist) Chinese legation at the Yenching Palace and suddenly it was *the* Chinese place. It redecorated, raised prices, and reduced portions. Similarly one man, at least, could hurt a restaurant. Ever since Richard Nixon dined publicly at Trader Vic's while President, it has been more declasse than ever for adults to eat there unaccompanied by a child, preferably under 16.

The Montpelier Room of the Madison Hotel, certainly the most expensive dining experience in Washington, attracts a certain clientele that tends to be Republican. Major oil companies with natural subsidiaries rent suites in the Madison for their lobbyists for approximately $80,000 a year; the cost can be factored into the natural gas rate base, so the consumers pay the rent and the Montpelier Room tabs that can easily soar, with wine, to $60 or $70 a person.

If you're wondering about the quality of Washington food, then you've missed the point. Some of it is actually good, even excellent, if overpriced; the *Guide Michelin* would have awarded one star of a possible three to Jean Pierre's, the *New York Times* reported several years ago. (Only one other restaurant outside New York would have had a star, the *Times* asserted.) Perhaps Jean Pierre took the star with him to Le Lion D'Or, but that, too, is essentially beside the point. The point is psychic nourishment. A restaurant is a badge of identity. You are where you eat. More important than the food on the plate is where you sit, and that can be a Byżantine matter. In Duke Zeibert's and Jean Pierre's, a front table is a sign of status, but in the Sans Souci it's Siberia.

At any rate, Washington's appetite for restaurants with toney atmosphere and high prices—whether they serve steaks, tarted-up hamburgers, California-style leafy mixtures or attempts to scale the heights of haute cuisine—seems insatiable. There is a place in Georgetown that has an ice cream counter with the best hot fudge sundae in Washington. You used to be able to go to the counter, order a sundae, and take it to a table. One afternoon in May, however, the sundae-maker pointed to a rostrum near the counter and a man standing behind it. To get a hot fudge sundae, she explained, "you'll have to be seated by the maitre d'."

Robert Shrum

Robert Shrum is associate editor of *New Times.*

A proposal to distract the rich from politics.

Get a Horse

It is not good for representative government to have any one class, however distinguished, overrepresented in government. The rich are overrepresented now, and unless something is done the imbalance favoring the rich in Congress and in high government positions will increase. The Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974, as amended after the Supreme Court found it defective on at least two major constitutional points, was more than just an insurance policy for the incumbent parties, the Republicans and the Democrats. It also was a rich man's license to hunt in the fields of politics. Congress is not likely to do anything to redress the current imbalance. On the contrary, it seems intent on making things worse: in recently passed ethics legislation, it has put limitations on its own members' outside earned

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income, while allowing unearned income to grow without limit. Clearly a less direct and more subtle remedy to the problem of the rich in politics must be sought.

As a result of these recent "reforms" it is easier for the rich to run for office, and easier for them to stay there once elected. But moneyed types hardly were discouraged from entering politics, even under previous arrangements. As long ago as 1960, six out of the first seven Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee were millionaires. (Paul Douglas was the one nonmillionaire.) Most of the Democrats represented new wealth—oil and insurance. The rich Republicans on the Committee generally held wealth of more depth and seasoning—from mining, manufacturing, land, milling and salt. The reality is that state legislatures, governors' offices, the Congress of the United States and many high appointive offices are filling up with the rich, the sons of the rich, and an occasional wife, daughter or widow.

A DuPont is now governor of Delaware. A Rockefeller is governor of West Virginia. Both Arkansas and New York have had Rockefellers as governors in recent times. The Congress has had within recent years, or still does have, a Heinz of the 57 varieties; a Danforth of Purina and the Danforth Foundation; a Seiberling of tires; two Mortons, one of flour and one of salt; a Stuckey and a Brock of candy; an Ottinger of plywood; a Reid of real-estate and publishing.

For some of the new rich, politics is a normal manifestation of upward mobility. For others and for the established rich, the movement into politics requires a more subtle explanation. The reasons are to be found in deeper cultural and psychological considerations. The rich today do not have security of place and of distinctive function in the social order. More particularly, they do not have such security in the world of sports and in the military.

Basketball, football, and hockey are clearly of and for and by the masses. Baseball, while somewhat exclusive, rests its exclusiveness on talent rather than on wealth or nobility of birth. Tennis, which once bore the mark of social superiority, has been popularized and vulgarized. Grass courts are all but gone. Tennis white has been sacrificed to common taste and mixed colors. Tradition, which formerly controlled, is no longer sufficient. The rule of law is taking over. Whenever that happens, the role of the nobility is threatened.

The big change took place in civilian society with the decline of polo.

In a comparable way, the democratization of the military contributed to the social and psychological instability of the aristocrats. Traditionally, even into the 20th century, wartime brought a direct transition from civil status to military status. The nobility, the well-born, the gentry became officers. The peasants, farmers, craftsmen, shopkeepers, became soldiers and seamen of the lower order. Once the wars were over, the survivors returned to their previous positions and status in civilian society, which the overtly hierarchical military experience had reaffirmed. Mass armies, modern weapons and, especially, mechanization which displaced the cavalry, changed all that.

The cavalry cannot be brought back, but polo could be brought back and reserved as the exclusive game of the rich and of the well-born. Late summer and fall has become a time of restlessness and discontent for the young rich. "How do you kill October?" one rich young man recently was heard to ask, sadly, of another. With nothing challenging to do in the fall, and with politics the only thing going, the young rich have, in greater and greater numbers, been running for public office or seeking appointments. Even the old rich, beyond their polo playing days—men like Averell Harriman—have dismounted and run for office.

The restoration of polo as the exclusive game of the rich would take care of their general restlessness and need for action in the fall, and it would keep many of them out of politics.

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy is a former United States Senator from Minnesota.

It's been spinning lately.

The Revolving Door

There is really only one industry of any consequence in Washington, DC. Whatever else that goes on spins in some orbit around the federal government. So when an incumbent President is turned out of office, the revolving door starts spinning too. Nobody leaves town, they just trade places.

It occurs at every level. Members of congressional and committee staffs who spent the last several years developing legislative programs and engaging in "oversight," as it's called, have now moved with the new administration into the agencies they previously oversaw to direct the programs they created. Former members of Congress exploit their knowledge and experience and contracts by representing industries and corporations and associations who have business with the government.

The clusters of law firms, public relations firms, consulting firms, unions, trade associations, special interest groups and research institutes are way stations on the way in or out of power, feeder lines to and from government. Two most important talents in

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Washington are those of biding time and knowing when to trade up.

After his apprenticeship in Lyndon Johnson's White House, for example, Joe Califano teamed up with Edward Bennett Williams in the practice of Washington law. After the Nixon-Ford hiatus, he signed on with Carter at HEW. Similarly, the new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Patricia Roberts Harris, served under LBJ as ambassador to Luxembourg, then joined Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Kampelman, the law firm that also harbors Sargent Shriver, former Peace Corps director, former ambassador to France, former vice-presidential nominee. Sharing the Fried-Frank bullpen for a time with Shriver and Harris was a highly regarded rookie, Jill Wine Volner of Watergate Special Prosecutor fame. When Carter came along Volner traded up to Counsel for the US Army.

In Washington, you are what you do—or have done. Wealth is not incidental, but it is a secondary attribute. Power and influence are their own rewards anywhere, but in Washington they are valued to a rarified degree. Here the wealthy often seem to be the strivers. So Cabinet members willingly take a 90 percent pay cut for their period of public service, because living under a government salary ceiling is a temporary condition, part of putting the finishing touches on a reputation in a setting where reputations endure. Status is conferred by title and position, and titles, in turn, are perpetuated by protocol. Governor Harriman hasn't been governor, after all, since an era that pre-dates even Nelson Rockefeller.

In the Cabinet phase, wealth is a deferred consideration, but the rewards of patience in Washington can be fancy indeed. Thus former Cabinet members tend to be much like former members of Congress. Once they've been to Washington, they find it's easy to develop a taste for the place, to linger on, enjoying the afterglow of influence either on call for the future or collecting those deferred remunerations. Three short years ago, back before his very short stint as President Ford's Secretary of Transportation, William T. Coleman, Jr. was among the most prominent, best paid members of the Philadelphia legal establishment. Coleman will return to his old profession, at least part-time, but not to his old home town. He'll stay on in Washington, he has announced, as a senior partner in the Los Angeles-Washington-Paris law firm of O'Melvney & Meyers. Coleman, who is black, will also be helping shape-up the affirmative action profiles of several corporate boards, among them Pan American, Chase Manhattan and the American Can Company.

Throughout the winter and spring, there were two transition offices operating in Washington, one for the incoming administration and one for the outgoing. The commodity of exchange in both was jobs or positions. In the afterglow, it is not difficult to find ways to extend and reward the distinction conferred by previous position in Washington. Coleman will combine his legal and corporate duties with a fellowship at the Woodrow Wilson International Center, where he intends to examine relationships between a President and his Cabinet. His old boss, Gerald Ford, has signed up with the American Enterprise Institute, a Washington think tank on the ascendancy. Other out-of-work Republicans have gone to Brookings.

Corporate directorships are a very common means of solace for the loss of power. This year Donald Rumsfeld goes from Defense to the board of Sears, Roebuck and Co., William Simon from Treasury to the board of Citicorp, George Bush from the CIA to First International Bankshares, Inc. In truest revolving door fashion, Carla Hills, former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, was elected a director of IBM to replace Patricia Harris, who left Fried, Frank and the IBM board to replace Hills at HUD.

Some local Democrats complain that the part of the revolving door that rotates back in hasn't worked as well as usual under Jimmy Carter. To be sure, he took more of his government from the standard feeder lines than he led most Americans to believe he might, but he also passed over a legion of time servers who awaited 1976 with attache cases filled with updated resumes. He went outside Washington's free agent draft, thereby passing over a generation of middle-aged Democrats, too young for the undersecretary spots in the Kennedy-Johnson years, but seasoned now, full partners in the law firms and at just the right spot in the aging process for one final trade up.

Carter also failed to observe one of the longest-standing unwritten rules of jobs in Washington—that defeated members of Congress from the President's party who need them got them. It is a rule that Gerald Ford learned well during his tenure in this city and one he honored when the opportunity arose. In 1974, the Republicans' bitter Watergate harvest, the GOP turned over more than 40 seats to the Democrats. "Nobody went without," one veteran observer of the Washington revolving door puts it. This year, under Carter, things are different. Only eight house Democrats were defeated in 1976. Not all of them want to stay and work in Washington, but some definitely do. And right now, none has a job with the government. One who wants a government job very badly says he is tired of not having his calls returned by "those 25 year olds at the White House." Those who do call back hear the ex-Congressman threaten to work just as hard *against* Carter next time as he did *for* him last time. His is not a compelling case. If Carter wants to open a side door just wide enough to let a few Georgians in, Washington will just have to adjust temporarily. These new ones will be exiting by way of the revolving door soon enough.

Ken Bode

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Their one and only highbrow fling.

Big Ticket Item

When Clive Barnes saw the Kennedy Center for the first time, he rejoiced that New York no longer had the nation's ugliest opera house. Ada Louise Huxtable, the *New York Times* architecture critic, described the whole complex as "Washington superscale, but just a little bit bigger . . . . Albert Speer would have approved." It squats on the east bank of the Potomac glaring malevolently across the river at northern Virginia, as if at its next meal. Since it opened in 1971, the Kennedy Center has become a focal point of Washington life; it's hard to imagine what life here was like before. In some ways, in fact, the Kennedy Center has become a metaphor for the special vulgarity of Washington: isolated, expensive, tastelessly grand, reflecting a love of power more than a love of the arts.

Three million tourists visit the Kennedy Center each year. They rarely see a show. Rather, they are led through the building by guides who read off supposedly impressive statistics about various features of the place. The provincials are told, for example, that the Grand Foyer is 630 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 60 feet high—"one of the largest rooms in the world." (It may well be the world's largest design cliche, a panoramic vista of red carpet, white marble and crystal chandeliers: a computer's vision of "elegance.") The marble for the building, donated by "the people of Italy," weighs 3700 tons in all. The crystal chandeliers are not only dazzling but heavy—one ton each, to be exact. Not even the bust of John Kennedy that overlooks the Grand Foyer is allowed to stand on its artistic merits (like the rest of the place, it is big and ugly) but must be described as standing seven feet in height and weighing 3000 pounds.

The tour guide neglects to mention that, while the marble is a gift from the people of Italy and the mirrors from the people of Belgium and the paintings outside the Eisenhower Theater from the people of Mexico, the Center itself is what one might call a gift from the people of the United States.

It wasn't supposed to be that way. Back in 1958 when President Eisenhower signed a bill to establish a national cultural center in Washington, the government was only to donate a few acres of land. The bill's sponsors in Congress repeatedly promised that the Center would not cost the taxpayers a red cent, then or ever. The promise was quickly broken. After President Kennedy's assassination, Congress rushed to name the Center after him and for good measure threw in a $15.5 million grant, plus a loan of $15.4 million. That help wasn't enough, since the project suffered cost overruns rivaling the Pentagon's worst. Arthur Sampson,, while public buildings commissioner for the General Services Administration, called the Kennedy Center "one of the most mismanaged contracts I've ever seen in my life." In 1969, Board Chairman Roger Stevens (who once owned the Empire State Building) went back to Capitol Hill to ask for more money so he wouldn't have to leave the Center unfinished, and Congress obediently coughed up another $7.5 million and increased the federal loan by $5 million. By the time it opened in 1971, several months behind schedule, the Center had increased in cost by $20 million over its original $46.4 million price tag. Nor did the cost overruns end with completion of the construction: in February of this year, the Center requested and got another $4.7 million from Congress to repair 150 leaks in the roof—bringing the cost of the Kennedy Center to the taxpaying public to nearly $28 million, in addition to $25 million in federal loans that no one expects to be repaid. Passing over all this, the tour guide informs her listeners that one third of the building's construction costs were paid by private sources and foreign governments.

Every step of the way, the Center's supporters have been careful to stress that it would be a cultural institution not only for Washington, but for the rest of the country too. Eisenhower declared that "the Cultural Center belongs to the entire country." President Johnson, conceding that "this Center will brighten the life of Washington," hastened to add, "But it is not just . . . a Washington project. It is a national project and a national possession."

Clearly it is a case of protesting too much. In point of fact, the Kennedy Center is primarily a Washington institution, built and run for the entertainment of Washingtonians—and not even all of them, but mainly the prosperous, the chic and the powerful.

The Kennedy Center is one of those fashionable institutions with several different boards, committees and advisory groups attached to it, in order to make room for all the people who want to be connected with it. One of the most entertaining things about going to a show there is reading the long lists of names in the program. It is a marvelous roster of several political generations of Washington bright lights, a simultaneous reminder of the transitory nature of power and the relative immutability of status: Mrs. Edward Finch Cox (née Tricia Nixon), Abe Fortas, Mrs. Stephen Smith, Arthur Schlesinger, J. Willard Marriott, Jack Valenti, and so on.

The Kennedy Center attracts a more homogeneous crowd than do the Broadway theaters in New York. Most New Yorkers go to the theater to see the shows. Some of them, of course, are rich and can afford it; others save up for it as a special treat. The Kennedy

COMING:
Henry Fairlie
in defense of corruption

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Center audience is different. A woman who works there says, "Washington doesn't have middle-class and lower-class people like those in New York, who save up for weeks to go to a play or a symphony." Ticket prices at the Kennedy Center are equivalent to those in New York, and exceed those anywhere else in the country, so it's no surprise that most of the customers are prosperous. And of course very few are from out of town: 90 percent come from within a 50-mile radius of the Capitol.

One Center employee says, "The audiences are like a Who's Who of Washington. They all come here to be seen." They are not the world's most sophisticated or sensitive audiences, often showing more interest in who's sitting in the President's box than in what's happening on stage. (Sitting in the President's box is a favorite perk of the White House staff, equivalent to playing tennis on the President's court.) When President Carter, an opera lover, does show up, he sometimes gets more applause than the diva of the day. Except for the National Symphony, the Kennedy Center does not have a home company. It relies instead on imported attractions, with heavy emphasis on "stars."

No one has done any demographic studies of Kennedy Center audiences, but one employee of *Stagebill*, the Kennedy Center program magazine, says, "The studies in other cities show that the average theater-goer is 38 and has an income of $36,000 a year, and those figures are probably higher here." The programs give a pretty good idea what sort of people the Kennedy Center attracts; they contain lots of ads for Mercedes-Benz and Cadillac, several different Scotches, the British Airways Concorde ("Washington to London in 4 hours"), and various fashionable clothing stores. No doubt the advertisers know their markets. But what about all those tourists? The *Stagebill* employee says, "Look, the tourists get off a bus at eleven in the morning, take a tour, and split. They won't spend their money on tickets to the opera or the theater. You don't bring Joe Blow from the farm to see La Scala."

Like any government subsidy of the arts, therefore, the Kennedy Center operates as a benefit for the well-to-do, partially paid for by taxing the lower orders. But the Kennedy Center is worse: the government has taken money from the relatively poor sections of the country to provide entertainment for the most affluent residents of the nation's most affluent city. The lawyers and lobbyists and journalists benefit just as much as those actually on the government payroll. In other words, the Kennedy Center is a conspicuous symbol of Washington's parasitic feeding off the rest of the country.

Stephen Chapman

Stephen Chapman is a Washington writer.

Just don't tell the squares back home.

For Big Fish Only

"I'd rather someone else say it, but this is a very chic club," Peter Malatesta said in reference to the private club he founded a year and a half ago. "This is a VIP town—and this is a VIP place." Vic Gold, columnist, former Agnew press secretary and founding member, says, "It has action, it is a place that jumps. New York and Hollywood have always had it. Washington never did before. Pisces has people with panache."

It is gospel here in Washington that in recent years this city has at last come of age, joined the ranks of great metropolises. Malatesta and his Pisces Club are an example of the so-called "new Washington." Is it a city come of age, or one that has moved directly from immaturity to second childhood?

Malatesta, a former Californian and a nephew of comedian Bob Hope, came here as an aide to Vice President Agnew. He almost immediately became a figure about town, primarily because of his well-publicized friendship with Frank Sinatra (no longer operative). For a time, they shared a Washington house, where Sinatra stayed during visits here. (Visits from Hollywood celebrities are a regular occurrence in the new Washington. Elizabeth Taylor even has married a politician and moved in—hard to imagine even at the height of Camelot.)

After Agnew's disgrace, Malatesta worked briefly at the Department of Commerce and then, together with businessman C. Wyatt Dickerson (who is married to former newscaster Nancy Dickerson), decided that Washington was lacking a supper-dancing-backgammon club. Pisces opened in December 1975. "People needed a place to go after the theater," Malatesta says. "The opening of the Kennedy Center changed this town and created that kind of need. There wasn't any place late at night for people to go." Pisces does not rev up until most people are asleep. "I showed up there for dinner one night at 8:30 p.m. and it was empty," says one of Gold's recent club guests. "People didn't start showing up until midnight."

Pisces obviously met a felt need among certain Washingtonians, because it was an immediate success. Nine-hundred people have paid $600 to join (the price goes up to $1000 next year), plus $180 annual dues. Non-residents and those under the age of 32 get special rates. "There are no barriers," Malatesta says. "Black, white, female, whatever. We have a fine black contingent."

The older and stuffier clubs around Washington, like the Metropolitan Club (city) and the Chevy Chase Club (country) jealously guard their membership lists. But Malatesta is more than happy to reel off a sampling of

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his members. As well he might be; it is an impressive list of politicians, journalists, lobbyists, diplomats and movie stars. Tip O'Neill, of course, this season's least likely cult figure; Ed Brooke, part of the "fine black contingent"; the omnipresent Smith Bagleys, self-made celebrities of the Carter era as Malatesta was during Nixon's; J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery; Frank Ikard, president of the American Petroleum Institute. From the world of journalism, Malatesta brags of Philip Geyelin, editorial page editor of *The Washington Post*, and Douglas Kiker and David Brinkley of NBC. From corporate America, there are both Robert Andersons, the heads of Rockwell International and Atlantic Richfield. Mrs. Anna Chennault, the faded socialite; Thomas Hale Boggs, Jr., son of and lawyer-lobbyist. Well, you get the idea. Malatesta's list also includes 31 ambassadors, such as the two leading glamorosi of the diplomatic corps: Alejandro Orfila, secretary-general of the OAS, and Ardeshir Zahedi, ambassador from Iran. "Alex met his wife here—while I was dating her," Malatesta says. And, "We had a birthday party for Zahedi one night and Cloris Leachman and Pearl Bailey got up on the dance floor and did an impromptu 15-minute show."

This is not cafe society; these are important (or at least self-important) people. Many of them, you would suppose, have very little in common. Indeed many of them—journalists and politicians, Republicans and Democrats, lawmakers and law breakers—occasionally like to strike a mutually antagonistic pose for public consumption. But they are all Washington VIPs, and apparently they regard this as a connecting principle sufficient to justify the time and money spent in one another's company.

Pisces is located in Georgetown, in the basement of a movie theater. It was designed by a New York firm that helped Jacqueline Kennedy redecorate the White House. At the entrance, there is a sweeping staircase leading down to a waterfall. There are fish everywhere, flown in from all over the world. One tank is located at the bar. It once was the home of a nurse shark named "Maxine," after Maxine Cheshire, the *Washington Post* gossip reporter who has relentlessly pursued Malatesta and some of his questionable connections. Another tank, filled with sea horses, is in the game room. A 1000-gallon salt-water aquarium, containing a lemon shark called "Baby Jaws," sits near the dance floor. A custom-made coral carpet from Ireland, worth $35,000, covers the floor. Miniature palm trees are strategically placed in all three rooms. Paintings by local Washington artists "grace" the walls. "Understatement is not its strength," says one recent guest. "It's sort of a cross between Miami Beach and Beverly Hills." There is a private banquet room, off of the main dining room, called "The Warhol Room," after Malatesta's friend Andy Warhol. Several years ago Malatesta decided to throw a party for Warhol, whom he did not know. That's how they met.

You don't have to be a member to spend an evening in Pisces. You can be a member's guest. Or you can just be somebody important. "The wife of the President of Mexico has been in about four times," Malatesta says. "They called us once from the plane and said she was coming right over. Margaret Trudeau came in one night with the Canadian ambassador. She had a very good time. A very pleasant lady." Some of the Carter sons have been in, he says, as well as the President's cost-cutting nephew, Hugh.

One person who was instrumental in launching Pisces was South Korean wheelerdealer and influential purchaser Tongsun Park, now reposing abroad. Malatesta makes no attempt to downplay or hide his association with Park. "We are very good friends," he says. "We still talk on the telephone frequently. I'm sorry for any misfortunes he has had. My contact with him was totally social. We never talked about business. I had no idea what he was up to." Park, however, was financially involved in Pisces. "He asked if I needed financial support," Malatesta says. "He arranged to make a loan possible from his company to our management company. He is not a member of the board of directors. All he did was put up some money. We are in the process of buying him out. He has only been in the club four times." Malatesta says the Park connection has not hurt the club.

A fairly well-known congressman, who is thinking seriously about running for the Senate, and his wife, were talking recently of a wonderful evening they spent at Pisces. I told them I was planning to write this article, and wanted to ask them a few more questions. "Oh no," the wife said quickly. "Everything we said is off-the-record. Don't mention us at all. The people back home don't know. And they wouldn't like it."

Marlene Cimons

Marlene Cimons is a Washington staff reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*.

Do as we say, not as we do.

Washington's Segregated Schools

Walking along a tree-shaded avenue "west of the park" in Washington, DC, you would not guess that three-quarters of the people in the city are black. In the narrow slice of real estate above the Potomac River and west of Rock Creek, you can find the city's best houses, many of the best restaurants and virtually all of the good schools. Most neighborhoods are reasonably well-off, and some are glaringly white. Yet the city's public

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schools, even in this far northwest section, are quite different. Ninety-six percent of the children in the full system and ninety-seven percent of those in senior high schools are black. Most of them never meet a white classmate. The whites, quite simply, have gone elsewhere for education.

This is one of Washington's miserable secrets. The city that decreed that schools in Detroit and Birmingham and Boston would have to mix blacks and whites in mathematical proportions to achieve equality maintains in its home nest one of the most thoroughly segregated systems in the country.

At the bottom are the public schools, badly administered, badly taught and widely avoided by parents who care about education for their children. About 125,000 children come under the public school category. Individual schools, of course, are better than others, elementary schools being a safer bet than the rest. And there are a few upper-middle-class white parents—Jimmy Carter and Senator Henry Jackson, to name two—who continue to send children to the public system. But they seem to do it to make a point, not to give their children a good education. Even the city's sole elected congressman, nonvoting "Delegate" Walter Fauntroy, does not use the public schools.

On the next tier are the Roman Catholic parochial schools. About 12,000 children use this system, according to the National Catholic Education Association. The schools vary widely in the quality of instruction they provide and in racial composition. But the system as a whole is the most successful at integrating the races: 71 percent of the Catholic elementary school children and 48 percent of the high school children are black. Father Ray Kemp, pastor of an inner-city church and former member of the school board, calls it "the best buy in the city." The average tuition for a child in elementary school is $380, and in high school it ranges from $600 to as much as $1500 if one includes the private, independent Catholic schools. Costs are considerably greater. The system is subsidized by each parish and to a small degree by the diocese. The cost is held down in addition by keeping salaries low: a nun receives $4375 a year and a lay teacher receives about $7500 to start. By contrast, starting salaries in the DC public system are around $10,000 a year, and the public school teacher's salary (including benefits) is $17,300. That is part of the reason why the cost of operating the DC system is $1900 per pupil, one of the highest rates in the nation.

According to Father Kemp, who is in charge of one of the elementary schools, black families have been turning to the Catholic system in growing numbers because they cannot abide the public schools any longer. For this reason, nearly a third of the students in Catholic elementary schools are now non-Catholic. The attraction of the church schools, Kemp said, has less to do with academics than with the strong emphasis on discipline and the individual attention given to each family. The public schools are insensitive and bureaucratic by comparison. They tolerate absenteeism, delinquency and cruelty on a grand scale.

On the top tier are the remaining private schools, a category that also includes the best Catholic schools. A list published by the *Washingtonian* magazine includes about 40 such schools in the city, with tuitions that range from around $900 to $2700 a year. Several thousand children attend these schools. There is no central source of information, but I gather from my own experience at one of these schools that their racial composition is at least as extreme as the public schools'—but in reverse. Probably 97 percent of the children in these schools are white. Most come from wealthy or well-to-do families. There are a few scholarship students, black and white.

This list would not be complete without the suburban public schools just outside the city limits in Maryland and Virginia. Although they are not legally linked with the District system, they are the other half of the story. Not so long ago, Montgomery County, Maryland was the richest in the nation. (Now it is merely near the top.) Its schools are said to be the best in the area, and they are remarkably white. When the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare last made a civil rights survey of school districts, in 1973, only seven percent of the students in the county's schools were black. The system has come so close to resembling a private one that it now takes in about 125 students from outside the county, provided they pay a tuition fee that ranges from $1740 to $2000. Needless to say, the trend irritates the private schools, which would like to have the students themselves. At the time of the last HEW survey, the county east of Montgomery—Prince Georges—had a black student population of about 28 percent, and the county to the south—Fairfax, Virginia—reported that only four percent of its students were black. These statistics give a crude outline of the barriers that have been erected in and around the city to preserve the status quo.

Washington's school arrangement may have grown and developed haphazardly, but in the last few years it has acquired a clear purpose. This is to isolate the children of upper level bureaucrats, lobbyists and congressmen from the hard knocks of city life. The Catholic system in the inner city provides the same service on a less ambitious scale for black parents who want to keep their children as far as possible from the

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

We will omit issues on July 16 (next week) and on August 13 and 27

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liberated zone for crime and drug dealing that exists in many public schools. They must pay for the privilege of getting out. The tragedy is that most children in the District have no choice; they must submit to a system that seems to have lost its grip.

The decline began, Father Kemp said, when the schools were saturated beyond rescue with poor immigrants from the South. Several years ago, a survey revealed that 45 percent of the children in the public system were living with only one parent and 46 percent were poor enough to qualify for a free lunch. Poverty and instability in these doses were deadly. The system went into shock. Those who could afford to get out did. Having left, the escapees did not want to look back. Father Kemp finds some hope in the fact that the immigration from the South has stopped; the schools may soon begin to devote less time to managing the crisis and more to academic improvements.

While the private schools managed to keep their academic facades propped up during the storms of the '60s, they did not entirely escape the tidal wave of change that swept the decade. The minor scandals that always afflict small schools simmered along all the while. These ordinary vices were augmented by the problems of the age. Drug and alcohol dependence grew. Ennui and alienation claimed many victims. In fact, the best private schools had all the symptoms of distress the others had, but in a form less crippling to the careers of the students involved.

Great efforts were made to keep the bad news locked up in the family to protect reputations all round. Shouting and scuffling went on behind closed doors, but only rarely did the facts get out. The reason is that parents, like the schools themselves, have an interest in keeping the discussion of problems as bland and neutral as possible. They often seem as trapped by their investment in a high-priced institution as the poor are trapped by their dependence on the city bureaucracy. Both systems are well dug in and unresponsive to change. They don't like to be jostled, and few parents are able or interested enough to push.

Washingtonians have dealt with the city problems of the last decade as other people have, by putting up barricades and running. What's different in this city is that the federal government has made no attempt to break up the structures that have been erected. If one scans the statistics in HEW's 1973 survey of the 100 largest school districts, Washington stands alone with a black school population of 96 percent. The only ones that come near are the Atlanta city schools (81 percent black), Orleans Parish (77 percent), Richmond city (73 percent), Gary (72 percent) and Newark (72 percent). How has Washington escaped having a desegregation plan imposed on it?

A civil rights office spokesman for HEW explained that his department is permitted by law to look at only one school district at a time and attack discrimination *within* the district. Since Washington's schools could be integrated only by bringing in other districts, HEW cannot get involved. The Justice Department, which could sue and ask for a metropolitan desegregation plan mixing students from several districts, has not done so because the law as interpreted these days doesn't provide a foothold. In order to make such a case, the department lawyers would have to show that the counties outside the city had intentionally kept blacks from entering their schools—something the lawyers cannot do. For this reason, Washington has slipped away relatively unscathed by the school desegregation forces it unleashed on the rest of the country.

Eliot Marshall

AEI serves up sauce for the gander.

The Rewards of Enterprise

by Tom Bethell

The government in Washington inevitably attracts a good many satellite institutions, such as the consultant firms that feed handsomely off tax dollars, but it also tends to attract its ideological antagonists—institutions that flourish through their opposition to the government. Thus Common Cause's heyday was at the time of the "imperial presidency," Nader's consumerists benefitted from the perception of government as an institution that catered to the "special interests," and the Brookings Institution had a certain cachet as long as Chuck Colson was dreaming of firebombing it. Today,

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of *Harper's* and contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly*. This is the first in a series of profiles of Washington institutes, associations, and miscellaneous acronyms.

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Common Cause's membership is on the decline (according to one staffer it began to drop the day after President Nixon resigned), a good many of Nader's toilers have found themselves high paying jobs within the myriad cracks and crannies of the Executive branch. (Concomitantly, the rush to form a Consumer Protection Agency appears to be dying quietly on Capitol Hill.) As for Brookings, some of its better known residents (Charles Schultze, C. Fred Bergsten, Henry J. Aaron), have joined the Carter administration. And this has left the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative-leaning think tank, as one of Washington's principal "governments in exile."

Such homes away from home for the governmentally inclined are very common in Washington, but what is unusual about the American Enterprise Institute version is that its resident scholars, researchers and fellows tend to be conservative Republicans—a breed, it was always said, that could be relied upon to return to the banks and insurance companies of Kansas City and Omaha at the end of a Republican administration. This has exposed them to the charge that, far from being upstanding and hard-working citizens, they are really no better than the Democrats, who never made any bones about loafing about in Washington during the Republican years—whose public philosophy, in fact, proclaimed such conduct to be virtuous and deserving of a good citizenship award.

Now the Republicans are doing the same thing. And in style, too. The Democrats' seminar-attenders and program devisers in most cases at least had the decency to work out of dusty little cubby holes in elderly buildings in the Dupont Circle area of Washington. But the AEI, as the *Washington Post* noted, has "well appointed offices" which are "spread over four floors of a modern building." Corporate-style, the *Post* might have added. AEI's brochure and booklets, tending to advocate such positions as the defanging of government regulators, are widely distributed to journalists and opinion makers in Washington. AEI also has been known to lay on a steak dinner or two for doubting Washington liberals.

AEI was founded in 1943 by Lewis H. Brown, the president of the Johns Manville Corporation, the intent being to promote in Congress the businessman's point of view. Its annual budget in the early years was about $80,000 and, as one AEI official admits, "the output in those days was largely indistinguishable from that of the Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers. It was really just a trade association."

The man who runs AEI today is William J. Baroody, Sr. He was a Chamber of Commerce economist who was appointed executive vice president of AEI in 1954 and president in 1962. Baroody was astute enough to recognize three of the fundamental tenets of intellectual life in Washington. The first is that opinion, to be acceptable and respectable, must not stray too far to the left or right, but remain close to the middle of the road. The second point Baroody appreciated was that the opinions and studies issued by an enterprise like AEI or Brookings acquire (for reasons that are not entirely clear) a far greater appearance of legitimacy if the money spent to produce them has been "aged" for a decade or two within the intricate machinery of a foundation, rather than being funneled directly out of the parent corporation. And the third point was that if conservative opinions were to be expressed, they always sounded a great deal more persuasive if uttered by academics rather than corporate executives.

Accordingly, Baroody moved the institute from a right-wing to a center-right position. He switched over from corporation to foundation support. (Today 75 percent of AEI's annual budget of $5.5 million comes from foundations; the remainder from about 150 corporations and individuals, whose average donation is $10,000.) And he took on board conservative academics such as Milton Friedman and Paul McCracken.

In addition to these rearrangements, there has been a good deal of conscious image-building, exemplified by locally televised debates on public policy issues, which always feature an array of speakers who are carefully balanced ideologically. These fairly calculated moves by Baroody have been notably successful. AEI's budget has nearly tripled since 1971, and it is likely that within a year or two the institute's budget will rival the seven million dollars that Brookings spends each year. (Brookings, however, is largely supported by a $35 million endowment, which confers upon it a degree of security and permanence not enjoyed by AEI.) Former President Gerald Ford signed up as a Distinguished Fellow at AEI shortly after leaving the White House. In general it is probably true to say that AEI now gets as much attention as did Brookings during the Nixon years.

A further point to bear in mind is the perilous tax-exempt status of institutions like AEI. To maintain this advantage requires that they be "non-partisan," which

Gavel Award

The New Republic has won the American Bar Association's 1977 Gavel Awards Certificate of Merit for an article by contributing editor Nathan Lewin. The article, "Lifting the Lid on Campaign Spending," concerned the Supreme Court's decision invalidating parts of the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974. It appeared in *TNR*'s issue of February 14, 1976. Nathan Lewin is a leading Washington, DC, trial lawyer, who has written and taught extensively on legal subjects.

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seemed an implausible characterization of AEI when Baroody took a brief "leave of absence" to advise Barry Goldwater in his 1964 presidential campaign. After that election the IRS undertook a minute scrutiny of AEI, which lasted for two years. "They looked at every scrap of paper," an AEI staffer recalled, but eventually they concluded that the institute was properly classified as tax-exempt.

Not surprisingly, then, Baroody today does not particularly like to hear AEI described as "conservative," and particularly not "Republican." Not only could it get the tax people after him again, it also departs too conspicuously from Washington's tried-and-true Middle Ground. (In the same way, Brookings these days does not encourage the "liberal" label, which is beginning to acquire a pejorative air.)

Baroody, the son of a Lebanese immigrant stonecutter, is a man of considerable charm and persuasiveness, who manages to develop conservative arguments in conversation while at the same time disowning the label. What does he think of stalwart Republicans lounging about in think tanks rather than getting on with the job? Baroody smiles and responds with a comment (not entirely unjustified in a city noted for the uniformity of its opinion) about the need for "competition of ideas." Then he will tell you about Austin Ranney, currently a resident scholar, a former president of the American Political Science Association and a certified liberal, whose name comes up so often in discussions of ideological direction at AEI, as exemplifying the lack of conservative bias, that he must be worth his weight in gold.

Baroody will also tell you about AEI's new project on "mediating structures," which is being supervised by Peter Berger and Richard Neuhaus. It's not a good title, Baroody admits, and he will welcome any better suggestions, but the idea is to see if we can't get the family, the church, the neighborhoods, the ethnic subgroups, the voluntary organizations, back into the business of solving problems rather than leaving it all to the government.

This is AEI's principal theme today. "Public policy is not solely the prerogative of government," Baroody says. "The argument has been, should it be centralized government, or decentralized government? But still government. What we're exploring is the society that might exist if you can unleash, or enlist the forces in the family, the churches and so on." Baroody believes that there is a "ferment in the land today on the issue of government saying: 'We know better how to run your lives.'" And he adds that "Carter made much of this resentment. By any standard, government regulation is the fastest growing industry in the US. The Federal Register first saw the light of day in 1936, with 2400 pages. By 1970 it was up to 20,000 pages, and by 1975 more than 60,000 pages. . . ."

This, of course, is the purest conservatism, even if not so labelled. Irving Kristol, co-editor of *The Public Interest* and perhaps AEI's best known resident scholar at the moment, states the case in stronger terms, as befits a man who has been described as the Oliver Cromwell of the neo-conservatives. Kristol has an office at AEI, from which vantage point he ponders the problems of capitalism. "A lot of reading, not much writing," he admits. He is trying to formulate the "moral basis of capitalism." His goal, if only he could get inside people's heads and change the way they perceived the world, would be to get them to see that government is not so much the solution as the problem.

"I have been persuaded by Milton Friedman," he says, "that it is always useful to begin with the question: how has government contributed to this problem? For instance, I saw a TV program the other day on the cost of housing. It wasn't a bad program. The first 15 minutes showed young couples who wanted to buy houses they couldn't afford, and so on. All very sad. Then at the end the interviewer asks: what can government do to *solve* this problem. The program failed to consider how government had contributed to the problem—inflation pushing up interest rates, for example."

Kristol feels that liberal ideas "are no longer intellectually interesting. It is a political philosophy that had its successes but is now exhausted. Some on the left, such as Bob Heilbroner or Galbraith are interesting, but only because they have moved further to the left." Those who have moved to the right, on the other hand, such as Kristol himself, "are in the same position as the Fabians in 1911"—seeking a degree of intellectual and public support for their position which they have not yet found, but, Kristol's comparison suggests, they may soon find.

As for the charge that Republicans, in staying on in Washington, have adopted the vices of Democrats, Kristol says that government has now become so complex that a Republican administration, just as much as a Democratic one, must employ academic technicians in such realms as economics and statistics, and these are the people who are glad of an opportunity to find board and lodging only a few blocks away when they leave the White House. As for the bankers, they still do go back to Kansas City.

There are now so many regulators, complexifiers, guideline writers and entanglers of all sorts, that there is plenty of justification for a place like AEI to hire a few deregulators and disentanglers and hope that they can straighten the mess out. If they ever succeed, they will also have succeeded in working themselves out of their jobs, much as market economists delight in asserting that they are talking their way out of a job. But the more likely prospect is—given the apparently endless growth of government and its satellites in Washington—that those who don't really believe in government will be dining out around town on that belief for a long time to come.

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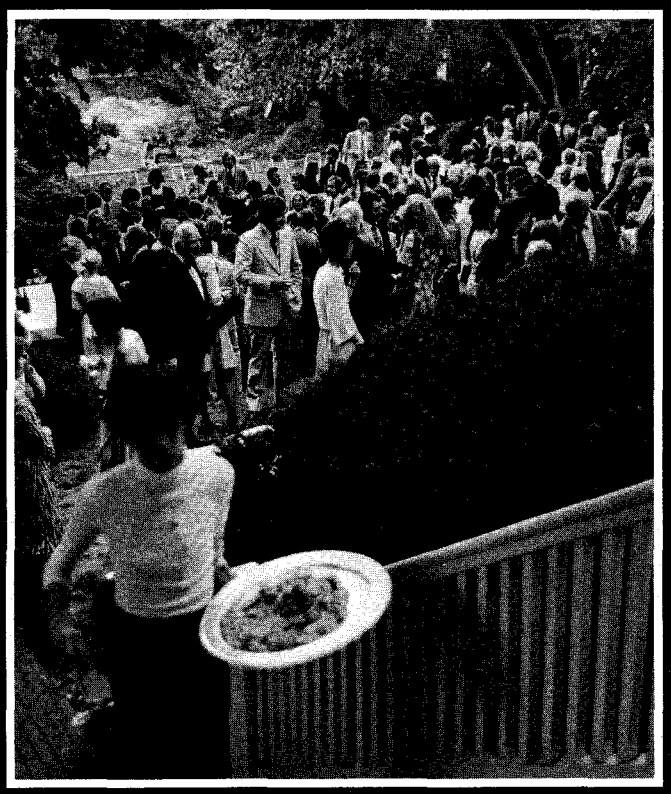
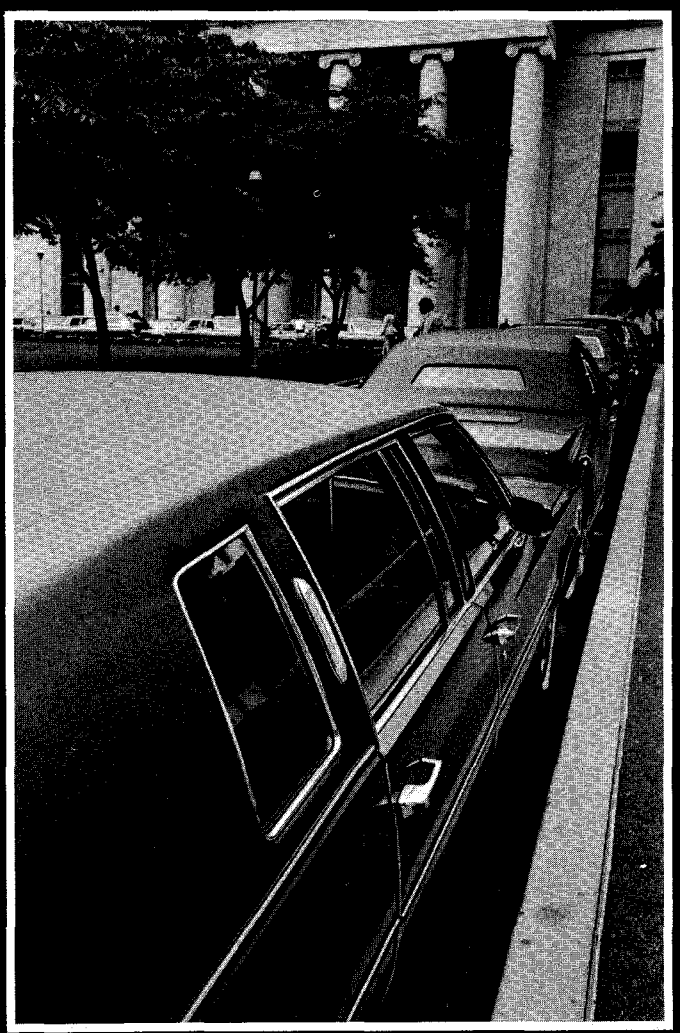
A Georgetown party. The three pointing figures are (left to right) Sally Quinn, Ben Bradlee and Hamilton Jordan.

The Montpelier Room at the Madison Hotel, favored by the glamorosi of the *Washington Post*.



Party at the Smith Bagley's in honor of the *Washington Journalism Review*.



Limousines in front of the Rayburn House Office Building. At the time it was completed in the mid-1960s, it was the most expensive building ever built.

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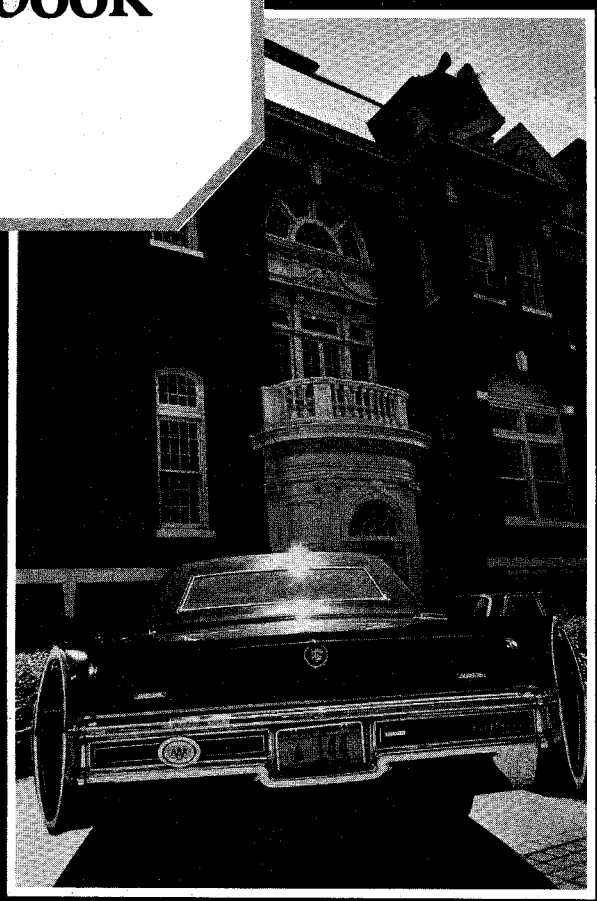
A Washington Scrapbook

photos by Diana Walker

Ardeshir Zahedi, ambassador from Iran, and prominent Washington host, serving Mark Siegel, White House political operative. The woman at right is Patricia Harris, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development.



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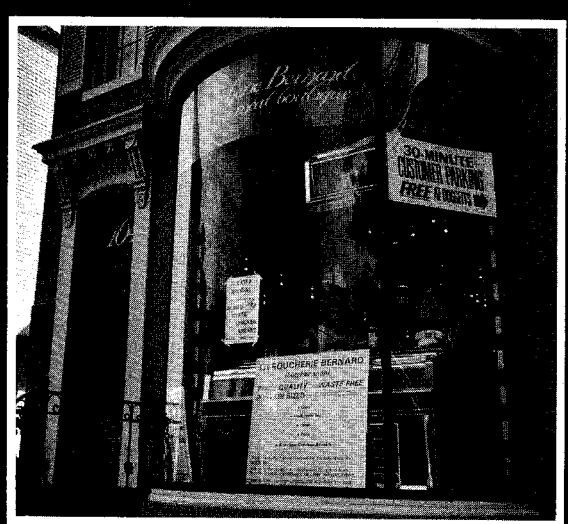

La Boucherie Bernard, "a meat boutique" in Georgetown.

The Metropolitan Club.

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Soft life among the Eurocrats.

It's Even Worse in Brussels

by Joe Tom Easley

Brussels

Twenty years ago, in the majestic Piazza de Capitole Marcus Aurelius in Rome, the treaty was signed establishing the European Economic Community. For Europeans, it is as discomforting today to reread the Rome speeches of 1957 as it is for Americans to reread the Kennedy inaugural address of 1961. Like diaries written in childhood, they embarrass by their blend of naivete and self-importance. The ringing call of 1957 for a United States of Europe is mocked by a Europe in 1977 more fragmented and uncooperative than at any time since 1950. But the European movement, whatever its faded grandeur and failed vision, has created one permanent monument to itself: the mammoth EEC bureaucracy in Brussels. Freed of even the minimal political constraints imposed upon the governmental bureaucracies in Washington and other capitals, the international civil servants of the EEC lead a life of unparalleled ease and splendor.

Until the early 1960s Brussels was a European capital whose role in continental affairs can only be described as nonexistent. The inconsequence of the city reflected the status of Belgium as one of Europe's superfluous countries, remembered in this century (if remembered at all) as the doormat the Germans used on their military visits to France. For 200 years the city's most memorable attraction has been the statue of a small boy urinating in a public fountain.

The massive glass-and-steel headquarters of the EEC lies at the eastern end of what once was a peaceful tree-lined avenue, on a site once occupied by a convent for young girls. This building houses the Commission of the European Communities, the chief administrative body of the EEC. The Commission was to be the initiator of all steps toward the grand union. A full staff of experts was recruited to watch over and manage virtually every aspect of Europe's economic and political life. Each commissioner was given one or more of the major portfolios to supervise: foreign affairs, energy, economic development, industrial affairs, employment, scientific research, consumer affairs, environment, agriculture, education, transport, and regional policy. Twenty-two bureaucratic divisions, pompously called Directorates-General, were established, and an ever-widening pyramid of civil servants grew under each. Within a few years it became a virtually complete infrastructure for the governance of Europe.

But there was no united Europe to govern. Member countries just ignored Commission proposals they didn't like and generally treated the body with contempt. Brussels served the governments of member nations as a dumping ground for politicians they wished to get rid of because of incompetence or incompatibility. For example, the present Irish commissioner (once called a "wet biscuit" by the *Irish Times*) was appointed as a result of a get-him-out-of-Dublin campaign by his former colleagues. The senior German commissioner, widely known but not widely admired for his abilities, was recently reappointed to another four-year term to almost universal dismay everywhere but Bonn, where Chancellor Schmidt is reported to have expressed his eagerness not to have the man back in town.

Faced with public indifference and the occasional incompetence of the politicians above them, the Commission bureaucrats have turned their energies to feathering their own nests.

Commission salaries and benefits may well be the most lavish enjoyed by civil servants anywhere. Basic salaries range from $23,124 per year (college degree, no experience) to $76,896 (senior staff position, several years experience). For those employees hired from outside Belgium, as most are, an extra 16 percent of salary is added to help ease feelings of homesickness. All salaries are free of any national income tax, although the Community recoups a small portion in lieu of taxes. Lest inflation threaten to erode purchasing power, salaries are indexed.

But the basic salary is only the foundation upon which a mansion of allowances and benefits has been erected. They are so varied and numerous one hardly knows where to begin to describe them. There are the cash rewards for matrimony and procreation: five percent of the basic salary for having a wife or husband, and $1000 a year for each child under 26. If the child is in school, add another $600. The birth of each additional child is like passing "go"—$200 extra is paid on the spot. To lessen the trauma of moving to Brussels the employee gets, in addition to full moving expenses, a generous subsistence allowance for up to 10 months. This amount, usually several thousand dollars, helps ease the discomfort of having to live in a hotel suite while waiting for the right house to come on the market. Once a Eurocrat finds the house and moves in,

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Joe Tom Easley lives in Brussels and writes on European affairs.

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he gets an extra month's salary as an "installation allowance." Insurance benefits give five times an employee's highest annual salary on death, and eight times annual salary for disability. Medical benefits are generous, and sick leave is unlimited. A special provision of the staff benefits scheme allows cash gifts or loans of unlimited amounts to be given to employees who suffer illness or are otherwise deemed needy "by reason of family circumstances." Those who survive this downpour of dollars and make it to 60 can retire on 70 percent of their highest annual salary. Keeping one's job until 60 is virtually guaranteed; for all practical purposes it is impossible to fire anybody.

And there is petty largesse, too. Every six months each employee gets to purchase around 10 to 15 bottles of spirits for a special price of $25. The subsidized employee cafeteria, restaurant and bar offers meals and drinks at half the price of regular Belgian establishments. For those who eat at home the staff supermarket offers a full range of food and bottled spirits at prices far below those to be found on the outside. Those who chafe at high value-added taxes can avail themselves of an arrangement for tax-free purchase of automobiles. Finally, all employees may get special license plates for their cars, the letters "EUR" ringed with stars, specially designed to impress friends and intimidate traffic policemen.

To this cornucopia of money and perks is added the most spectacular benefit of all, the prospect of making yourself eligible for what is called the "golden handshake." It works like this: if you are a senior Commission official you convince your superiors that your presence is no longer needed on the staff. You can do this in one of several ways. You can argue that your position is better consolidated with someone else's, or that the job ought to go to someone of a different nationality. Or you can just make yourself insufferably obnoxious. The trick is to get yourself to be "retired in the interests of the service." Once this maneuver is accomplished, you should immediately rent an armored bank truck, for you will need it. Here's what you get for the sacrifice of not working: your full salary for three months, 85 percent for the next three months, 70 percent for the following five *years*, and 60 percent for the rest of your life until you turn 60, at which time your pension takes over. Bingo!

Though the golden handshake is available to the enterprising top-level bureaucrat at any time, the most visible raid on the Community treasury took place in 1973 when Britain, Ireland and Denmark joined the Market. Known locally as the "great hold-up," this massive extension of the handshake was thought necessary to make way for top officials from the entering countries. Remembered wistfully by those bureaucrats who did not manage to take advantage of it then, the great hold-up of 1973 is likely to be repeated soon when room has to be made for another batch of countries expected to join the FEC soon. One top bureaucrat said recently, "I can't wait for the Spaniards, the Greeks and the Portugese, because when they come I'm going to take the money, buy a boat, and never set foot in Brussels again."

The combined effect of the pampered life-style and the political futility of the job is devastating. Only those with an absolute compulsion to work do so; the majority either do nothing, engage themselves in fierce internal intrigues or occupy themselves in what even they will admit is meaningless make-work designed to pass the time. One middle-level bureaucrat said, "When I get to the office at ten in the morning I am immediately faced with two important decisions: where to have lunch, and who to lunch with. If I am careful, I can stretch these to last the morning."

Some frustrated employees turn their hands to more imaginative ways of filling the time. Warm, pleasant summer afternoons seem to bring on an unusual number of unscheduled fire alarms. Last summer it happened so often that the culprit was traced and found to be a Commission employee whose cousin owned the ice cream truck that always happened to be on hand when the people streamed out of the building. Another enterprising bureaucrat was involved in the case of the disappearing doors: over a period of weeks several doors mysteriously vanished from their hinges. The security force finally traced them to a staff member building a house. Sure enough, there were the doors, installed and functioning. Two Italians working at the Commission as ushers own a thriving restaurant just across the street. They go over to supervise the serving of the well-heeled clientele on their own lunch hour. In their spare time they conduct a brisk business importing olive oil.

David Marquand recently resigned a safe Labour seat in the British Parliament to take a senior staff job with the Commission. He says, "There is so much intrigue here, far more than in a national administration. There are national mafias at work, there are political mafias at work, there are all sorts of mafias at work. There is just too much blood being shed by frustrated people who are paid well for doing boring jobs." Marquand still has hope for the Commission, and for the prospect of European integration. But most people on the staff of the European Commission sense that something has gone terribly wrong. The only goal that remains is to make it to the end of each day. Late one afternoon a medium level bureaucrat sat in his office on an upper floor of the Commission headquarters and was asked about his job satisfaction. He turned the glass of sherry in his hand several times as he stared vacantly through his floor-to-ceiling window. Across the jumble of red-tiled roofs far below lay, in the distance, the carefully tilled farmlands of Flanders. Finally he turned around.

"You know, sometimes I just sit and look out the window for hours. I guess you could say that it's the most satisfying and productive thing I do."

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Stages of Discussion

By program count, I went to 81 theater productions in the 1976-77 season lately concluded. I reviewed about 20 of them. Some others I might have reviewed, space permitting, but most were beneath comment. At season's end, here are some notes on theater matters worth discussion.

I saw one production twice, Serban's *Agamemnon* at the Beaumont. The second time, four weeks after my first visit, I sat on the stage, in one of the two bleacher sections that were moved about. (*TNR*, June 11.) I enjoyed it more than I thought I would: it was a fairly good approximation of following Serban's *Trojan Women* on foot, which I had done four times. At one point the bleachers were shoved far upstage, and I could see all the stage mechanisms behind the proscenium arch as I watched the Argive world in the center. This, paradoxically, helped. I got an added sense of immediate imaginative creation, rather than pretended actuality, as I watched Apollo descend and ascend in his cart and also saw the stagehands over against the wall tugging at Apollo's ropes.

What I had disliked in the production the first time, I disliked more intensely the second time—like the miming of the Trojan war and the bathtub murder of the king. The clean line of Aeschylus' play was certainly zigzagged by Serban. But the individual zigs and zags were well composed. And the (many) elements I had liked the first time, I liked even more.

As I had hoped, Jamil Zakkai, Agamemnon/Aegisthus, had firmed his grip on both roles. Some of Serban's best touches were even more thrilling the second time: *e.g.*, the Watchman, who has spent years on the palace roof waiting for the signal of Troy's fall, beginning his speech in an immense stage whisper, then gradually finding his voice; the doubling of the Herald who tells the story of the victory—the role is done by two actors, one behind the Chorus Leader, one facing him, speaking in unison.

And, which I had praised but not enough, Priscilla Smith's Clytemnestra. (I regret even more deeply that she also plays Cassandra: the point of this completely eludes me.) The sheer *size* of Smith as the Queen, the size of the imagination and self and technique implied in her performance, soars. Soars. She made me think of Flagstad in the first act of *Tristan und Isolde*, in the passage that ends *"Rache! Tod! Tod—uns Beiden!"* Smith's Clytemnestra went through to the end in that vein—"the avenger, ancient in anger." I'll never forget it.

Agamemnon has now closed at the Beaumont, but it will be done in Central Park this summer, free, from Aug. 2 through Aug. 27. Serban will have to adapt his production to a new environment, but he's an old hand at that. If you are going to be in New York during August and can get in, you will be lucky.

This leads naturally to the producer, Joseph Papp, and his recent announcement of withdrawal from Lincoln Center. He says his primary reason is money troubles, about which there can be no argument, only sympathy. But he quickly cancels that sympathy by saying that, even if money troubles were solved, he would still withdraw because he doesn't like the uptown "essentially middle-class audience" and he wants tc work with unorthodox playwrights on new plays downtown at his Public Theater complex.

This anti-middle-class business is an old act of Papp's. Odd that this wildly unorthodox man has sent up to Broadway and the Broadways of the world, from his Public Theater, such smasheroos as *Hair* and *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *That Championship Season*. Odd how this fiery anti-middle-class rebel keeps pleasing the middle class. Two of the biggest current Broadway smashes, *A Chorus Line* and *For Colored Girls*, were transferred from the Public. In fact, one of this rebel's objections to doing classics is that they can't be Broadway hits like those "anti-Establishment" plays. "There's no way *Agamemnon* is going to go to the Winter Garden, that's for sure," he said at the press conference announcing his withdrawal.

Besides, anyone who has been often to the Public and to the Beaumont or Newhouse must have seen that the audiences are virtually interchangeable. Uptown and down, there are a lot of middle-aged and older people, certainly middle-class, and a lesser but substantial number of younger people who may be non-Establishment or may just be wearing their non-Establishment costumes after work.

The new-playwrights motive is more credible, though Papp has not presented a new play in some time. (*For Colored Girls* and *Streamers* were not his original productions.) I've heard of some workshops downtown this season, but the only productions at the Public were by other companies to whom Papp gave space.

When he extended himself uptown in 1973, it seemed to me that he was fixing those two Lincoln Center theaters at the top of a hierarchy to which he would funnel new plays from downtown. Every new production of his own that he moved through that funnel was a failure (as against the ones that he moved to Broadway). Every new play he did directly at Lincoln Center was a failure. (His successes at the Beaumont have

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Who has learned to direct unobtrusively? To keep his (often funny) gags centered on a theme? Made his best film so far? Woody Allen, that's who.

Effi Briest. A sensitive, cool, lovely rendition of Fontane's novel about a 19th-century child-bride, by the prolific R. W. Fassbinder.

We All Loved Each Other So Much. A bit of Italian sentimental hokum, more bits of good Italian sentimental fun. Three friends in the partisans go through the postwar years.

We're Not the Jet Set. Robert Duvall—yes, the same one—directed this documentary about a big Nebraska family on a big (12,000-acre) farm. Salty and alive.

SK

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been his revivals.) It seems at least possible that his own defective taste in new plays had at least as much to do with the Beaumont failures of those plays as did the "essentially middle class audience." He would be on firmer ground if he stuck to the money reason for his retreat.

Papp's career continues to trace a graph of great energy, huge and sometimes productive ambition, but feeble taste and talent. That's why his record is jagged with abrupt switches, each of which is announced as a vision of new policy but each of which usually signals a new failure and a new grab.

The saddest aspect of the season was that, on or off Broadway, I saw no American play of real consequence. Evidences of interesting talent, yes, but usually from those who had evidenced it before and seem to be making careers of evidence, rather than plays. Of the productions I saw, 31 were new American plays, and not one was really satisfactory.

One of the least for me was Michael Cristofer's *The Shadow Box*. I saw it on its second night and thought it so negligible that I didn't want to review it. It has since gone on to win the Pulitzer prize, plus a Tony award. Thinking about it post-Pulitzerly, I can't change my mind. Still, for the record. . . .

Cristofer's play is set in a somewhat mystical rest home, in the California countryside, where people, apparently with cancer, go to die. Cristofer presumably began with that idea, then (he's an actor) got the clever stage-wise idea of using one cottage for three simultaneous stories. But then, alas, he had to get the stories. He chose, as from a kitchen shelf, his ingredients: one working-class story, one intellectual-homosexual story, one domineering-old-woman story. Stir and bake. Or half-bake.

None of these stories has a glimmer of intrinsic interest, originality or insight. None of them is written with anything more than (at best) an imitative glibness. Cristofer had nothing to *say* about his characters or his subject: he just got the idea of the form, then worked out enough of a lightweight erector-set construction to fill the space from first curtain to last.

Variety and *The New York Times*, those pals in Broadway boosterism, have been chortling over the good season. They cite the figures to prove it. Quite apart from figures and including off-Broadway as well, I agree that it was good. Any theatrical year in which I can see Richardson and Gielgud in *No Man's Land; Ashes* (a Papp import from the Manhattan Theater Club); *Nightclub Cantata;* the Schiller Theater's *Waiting for Godot* directed by Beckett; and Serban's *Agamemnon* is a blooming miracle, despite the 76 other duds and quasi-duds.

Jacques Prévert, 1900-1977

Jacques Prévert, France's most popular poet of the 20th century, died this past spring, and there should be some memorial or festival of his work to mark not his death but his aliveness. What a remarkable person he was. Known in America principally as a pop lyricist ("Autumn Leaves" and "Ne Me Quitte Pas" in particular) and as screenwriter for the film classic *Les Enfants du Paradis*, he was truly a people's poet. His first collection of poems, *Paroles*, went into many different editions, eventually selling half a million copies; successive volumes also were enormously widespread, so much so that passers-by on the street would come up to him and quote his verses by way of greeting "Jacques"—they never thought of him as Monsieur Prévert. This casual exchange was fitting for a man who was on a first name basis with the language of his times: his work was colloquial, as much so as Brecht's, and as deceptively simple. A marvelous three-ring circus of a theater event could be made out of his triplefold writings: his political poetry of World War II and the resistance move-

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ment; his heart-breakingly spare love poetry, with its empathy for women; and his crazy wonderful sense and nonsense for children.

It was my happy fortune to meet him when I went to Paris for the first time in 1959. I was told that he spoke no English, and there was the additional handicap of my own limited French—entirely ungrammatical, present tense only, with sentence extenders (like hamburger filler) of *formidable, vraiment,* and *bien entendu*. Ursula Vian, however, who lived next door to the Préverts in Montmartre, agreed to act as an intermediary. As it turned out, we often didn't need her support; Prévert was a splendid mimic, and his gestures and nonverbalizations were easier to understand than any amount of prose cross-overs. I fell in love with him at sight: a short, white-haired man with blue eyes, blunt expressive fingers, cigarette dangling from his lips like a corny Apache dancer. Wearing a blue sweater the color of his eyes, dapper gray flannels, and black leather moccasins newly polished, he looked like a sportive dandy. He reminded me of someone, and it nagged me till I realized it was not one other man, but two: the night club comedian Jimmy Savo as well as Chaplin. Humor and sentiment did not combine in him so much as seem to be homogenized, I thought.

We were supposed to have a half-hour together; it stretched into six, accented by glasses of vermouth cassis, his favorite drink at that period of his life. He told me of his earlier visit to New York, how he had deliberately not learned any English so that the advertising signs would remain mysterious, exotic. His favorite American actress was Shirley MacLaine; her *Irma La Douce* was a picture he could see and resee. So sentiment did overpower humor at times, but then his mood changed, and he showed me another side to his creativity: the collages he had recently begun to construct. They were surreal, comic and beautiful, scathingly anti-church, anti-corporation, anti-hypocrisy of every order. Generously, he gave me copies of all his books, inscribing them with a large bold hand and drawing cartoon pictures around the titles: a Punch and Judy show for *Spectacle;* a blue crescent moon and golden stars with rays emanating for *La Pluie et Le Beaux Temps*. The only book he could not give me a copy of, he apologized, was *Contes pour Enfants pas Sages* because it was out of print. I managed to get a copy later from a friend, and came back to the United States determined to find a publisher for it. A number of houses looked at it but were scared off: the idea of "operas" about children who abandon their parents and go off to live with ostriches and camels—the nuclear American family unit and librarians were not ready for such lightheartedness; it was necessary, the editors all told me, to emphasize family togetherness and trips with Daddy to the zoo with Mommy making delicious dinners for them to come home to. This was back in the unliberating '60s, remember. But to this day I have found no takers for Prévert's original and charming notions.

Still, American readers should be given the chance to meet this triply gifted writer: the passionate pacifist, the romantic and anti-romantic poet of love, and the children's Pied Piper. Here a small garland, for, *de tout les fleurs, le couleur je préfère, c'est pre-vert.*

MARRIAGES (from *Histoires*)

A woman flows into a river
the river leads into a channel
a man dives into the channel
and the channel flows into the sea

and the sea flows back again
over the land again
with a trail of foam
shining under the moon

the white lace of its waves
a dress for the bride
wedding gift
of the great flowing tides

WAR (from *Spectacle*)

You cut the woods down
imbeciles
you cut the woods down
all the young trees with an old hatchet
you raise them up
you cut them down
and the old trees with their old roots
their old teeth
you keep them
and you put up a recruiting poster
trees of good and evil
trees of Victory
trees of Liberty
and the deserted forest stinks of old rotting wood
and the birds fly away
and you stay there to sing
you stay there
imbeciles
to sing and to march in line

THE WHEELBARROW OR GREAT INVENTIONS (from *Paroles*)

A peacock turns the wheel
Chance does the rest
God sits inside it
and man pushes from behind.

MY LITTLE LIONESS (from *Histoires*)

My little lioness
I didn't like your clawing me
so I gave you to the Christians
However I liked you a lot
I wish that you would pardon me
my little lioness.

TO LAUGH IN SOCIETY (from *Spectacle*)

The liontamer puts his head
in the lion's mouth
me
I only put two fingers
in the throat of the beautiful Jet Set
and there wasn't time
to bite me
but the creature
simply threw up
threw up a little gold bile
of which it has so much

To succeed in this
useful and amusing trick
Wash your fingers
carefully
in a pint of good blood

To each his circus.

THE OSTRICH (from *Stories for children who aren't very well behaved*)

When little Poucet was abandoned in the forest, he scattered pebbles so that he'd find his way again, but he wasn't at all sure that an ostrich might not follow him and gobble up the pebbles one by one.

That's the true story, that's how it began . . .

Little Poucet turns back: no more pebbles!

He's definitely lost, no more pebbles, no more way back; no more way back, no more home; no more home, no more papa-mama.

"It's very upsetting," he says, muttering between his teeth.

Suddenly he hears a laugh and then the noise of clocks and the noise of a torrent, of trumpets, a whole orchestra, a shower of noises, a brutal music, strange but not at all disagreeable, and altogether new to him. He then pokes his head through some foliage and sees

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an ostrich who's dancing, who's looking at him, who stops dancing and says to him:

Ostrich: It's me making all the noise, I'm happy, I have a magnificent stomach and I can eat anything.

This morning I ate two clocks with their works, I ate two trumpets, three dozen egg cups, I ate a salad with its salad bowl, and the white pebbles that you put in the road, I ate them too. Climb on my back, I can go very fast, we'll travel together!

"But, says little Poucet, "what about my father and mother, won't I see them any more?"

Ostrich: If they've abandoned you, they don't want to see you again very soon.

Poucet: That's certainly true, what you're saying, Madame Ostrich.

Ostrich: Don't call me Madame, it makes my wings ache, call me simply Ostrich.

Poucet: Yes, Ostrich, but all the same, my mother. You know . . .?

Ostrich: (in a rage): You know what? You're getting me upset and do you want me to tell you—I don't like your mother very much, because of the way she always puts ostrich plumes on her hat . . .

Poucet: The fact is they cost a lot . . . but she always goes ahead and does it to show off to her cousins.

Ostrich: Instead of showing off to the cousins, she'd do better to take care of you; sometimes she smacks you.

Poucet: My father hits me sometimes, too.

Ostrich: Ah, Mister Poucet beats you up. That's unforgiveable. Children don't beat up their parents, why should parents beat up their children? Anyway, Mister Poucet isn't very much to be concerned about anymore. The first time he saw an ostrich egg, do you know what he said?

Poucet: No.

Ostrich: Well! He said, "That would make a terrific omelet!"

Poucet (dreamy): I remember the first time that he saw the ocean, he thought for a few seconds and then he said, "What a huge wash bowl, too bad there aren't any bridges!" Everybody laughed, but I wanted to cry. Then my mother boxed my ears and said to me: "Why can't you laugh like the others when your father makes a joke!" It's not my fault that I don't like grownups' jokes . . .

Ostrich: I don't either, hop on my back, you won't go home to your parents, but you'll see the country.

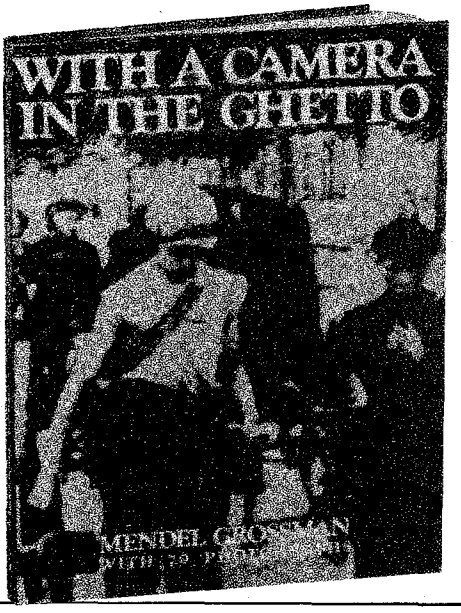
"Okay," says little Poucet, and he hops on board.

The Nazis killed the photographer, the Arabs burned the negatives— these photographs are all that survives.

"Remember Us!" was the cry of the many who perished in the Holocaust.
WITH A CAMERA IN THE GHETTO echoes that plea.

Like the survivors, these photographs are a remnant, all that remains of the only photographs of the Holocaust made by a Jewish photographer. Mendel Grossman, the photographer of the Lodz ghetto, died on a death-march from one camp to another. He had buried ten thousand negatives in the ghetto, and these were reclaimed by Grossman's sister and taken to Israel, where they were destroyed during the War of Independence. All that remains of Grossman's heroic work are the pictures in this book.

"Poignant beyond words."—*Publishers Weekly*



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Off at a triple gallop they gall-op gall-op gall-op, the bird and the child together and they raise a huge cloud of dust.

Villagers lean their heads out of their front windows and say, "Another one of those dirty automobiles!" Then they hear the ostrich who's making ringing bell sounds as they gallop along, and they say, "Do you hear the clocks?" And they cross themselves, "It'su church that's running away, the devil is chasing it!"

And they all barricade themselves inside until daylight, but by that time the ostrich and Poucet are far far away.

Eve Merriam

Eve Merriam is a poet living in New York. The translations here are hers.

Books Considered

Hitler's War
by David Irving

(Viking; $17.50)

The Psychopathic God: Adolf Hitler
by Robert G. L. Waite

(Basic Books; $13.50)

About a year ago, Jean Améry, inspired by a rash of new books and films about National Socialism, wrote an article for the *Frankfurter Rundschau* in which he warned that "the time of rehabilitation" was dawning. "In England one will discover that Oswald Mosley was not such a fool after all. In France a bemused public opinion will weigh Pétain and Laval on scales brought by false weights to a pseudo-historical balance. And in Germany? After all the measures of classification and qualification have been taken, Hitler will not be denied his place in the hall of honor. . . . We are already being told that historical objectivity lies beyond good and evil, which means that evil will be relegated without discrimination to the files, and good will vanish from the day's agenda."

We have perhaps not got that far yet, but anyone who reads David Irving's mammoth book will not be inclined to reject Améry's hypothesis out of hand. For the picture that emerges from what Irving describes as an attempt to scrub "years of grime and discoloration from the facade of a silent and forbidding monument" in order to reveal the true Hitler underneath is certainly not that of the Hitler we knew. Irving's Fuehrer is less brutal and ruthless, less culpable, more human, and more deserving of our sympathy, since he is always being let down or victimized by others. "We shall see," Irving says of the 1942 campaign in Russia, "how through the stubbornness of his army generals like Bock and Hoth and the persistent inadequacy of the army's supply arrangements, Hitler was cheated of the ultimate autumn victory." The choice of verb here is significant, and this is not the only time in this long book in which we are invited to range ourselves on the side of an aggrieved dictator.

This lack of critical distance is partly the result of the way in which the author has chosen to tell his story. "This book," he says in his introduction, "views the situation as far as possible through Hitler's eyes, from behind his desk"; and this is indeed what it does, following for the most part a strict chronological order, with few pauses for retrospective comment or even for periodic assessments of the state of affairs on the different fighting fronts and occupied areas. This method has the advantage of bringing the scene in Hitler's headquarters to the reader with an immediacy that more analytical accounts cannot provide, and, thanks to the success with which Irving has sought out new material and testimony from people who were close to Hitler in the war years, of supplying him with vivid impressions of the way in which the Fuehrer reacted to momentary situations.

On the other hand, while this focus on the *Fuehrerhauptquartier* brings Hitler closer to the reader, it removes the real war to a distance so remote that it is often difficult to know exactly what is going on. Because of the author's preference for taking things a day at a time and his reluctance to differentiate between significant and trivial detail, events and problems surface and disappear again before we have time to grasp their importance. One looks in vain for a critique of Goering's conduct of the air offensive against the British Isles, an explanation of the significance of the Vienna Award in Hitler's preparations for war against Russia, a systematic analysis of the deficiencies of the war production program, or a description of what exactly went wrong in the battle of the Kursk salient.

Moreover, and this is more important, when judgments are made, they are Hitler's judgments, and they are uncontested. Thus, the Fuehrer's often reiterated contention that British persistence in pursuing the war after the fall of France was irrational and self-destructive and that peace was theirs for the asking is unaccompanied by an explanation of the British reasons for rejecting any kind of truce with Germany. Similarly, Hitler's attribution of all military setbacks to the incompetence or disloyalty of the General Staff and the commanding generals is not balanced by any appraisal of his own deficiencies as a commander, which included, among other things, an irresponsible profligacy in respect to material and human resources. In a reconstruction of Hitler's thinking in October 1941, Irving describes him as agonizing over German losses in the field ("What would be left of Germany and the flower of her manhood?"). Before one takes this too seriously, he should remember that this was the same Hitler who, when told somewhat later on of the high casualties among junior officers on the Russian front, said, "But that's what the young people are there for!"

Irving's generosity toward Hitler assumes its most excessive form in his treatment of the Final Solution. "I found," he says in a statement that is bound to raise eyebrows in the historical

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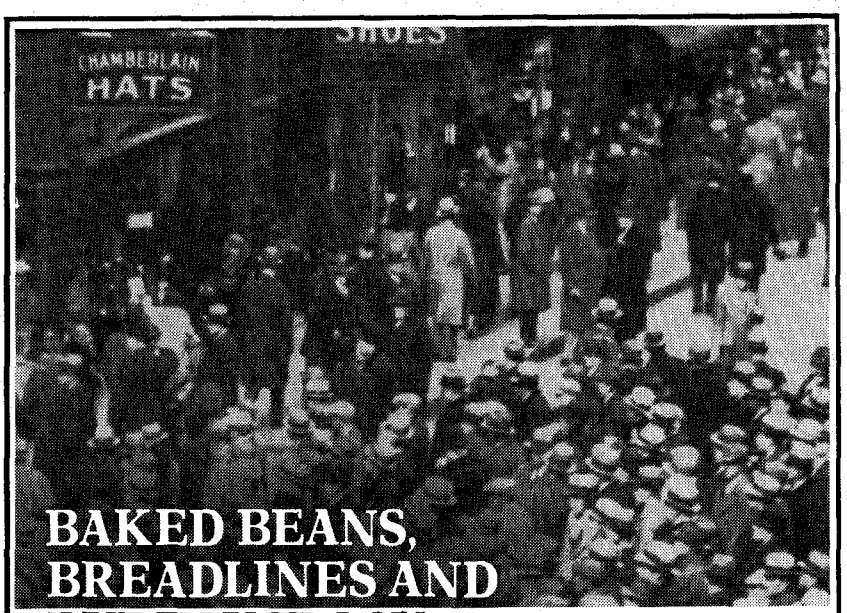
fraternity, "that Hitler's *own* role in the 'Final Solution of the Jewish Problem' has never been examined. . . . Bald statements were made, legends were created, blame was laid, without a shadow of historical evidence in support." The fact is, he goes on to argue, that there is no proof of Hitler's having ordered the liquidation of the Jews; whereas, on the contrary, there is "incontrovertible evidence" that he forbade it. Irving's belief is that Hitler wanted to get the Jews out of Germany and the lands of the west and that he decreed that they should all be swept into eastern Europe. Unfortunately, the SS authorities, Gauleiters, and regional governors and commissars in the east "proved wholly unequal to the problems caused by this mass uprooting in midwar." They simply "liquidated the deportees as their trains arrived," a procedure that Hitler knew nothing about until October 1943, if not later.

Irving tells us indignantly that his German publishers, without consulting him, suppressed or reversed these views on the grounds that they were "an affront to established historical opinion" in their country. This action was certainly high-handed, but one sees their point of view. The fact that there is no written evidence of Hitler's ordering the Final Solution is not surprising, given the enormity of the action and the potential results of its revelation. The "incontrovertible" proof of Hitler's forbidding it, however, boils down to a single notation in Heinrich Himmler's telephone log, dated 30 November 1941 and reading cryptically, *"Keine Liquidierung"* ["No liquidation"]. It is difficult to prove anything from this, and the German editor may have been correct in amending Irving's text to say that it meant only that Hitler wanted no public mention of liquidation.

It is difficult in any case to understand why Mr. Irving makes so much of Himmler's note, when one considers how often Hitler spoke publicly and privately of his intention to exterminate *(ausrotten)* the Jews. Leaving aside such early statements as the speech of 1920 in which he promised to wipe them out *mit Stumpf und Stiel*, the repetitions of this intention on the eve of the war and during the conflict itself are numerous. They include a statement to the Czech foreign minister in January 1939 ("We are going to destroy the Jews. . . . The day of reckoning has come!"), a speech to the Reichstag in the same month ("If international finance Jewry . . . should succeed once more in plunging the people into a world war, then the consequence will not be a Bolshevization of the world and therewith a victory of Jewry, but, on the contrary, the destruction of the Jewish race in Europe!"), speeches of 30 January 1941, 30 January 1942 (immediately after the notorious Wannsee conference), 24 February, 30 September, and 8 November 1942, and statements to his associates and his military staff.

If these matters of public record—and a statement of Himmler's of May 1944, intimating that he *did* have superior orders, which Irving refuses to accept as valid—are not sufficient to establish Hitler's culpability, supporting evidence of a different kind is supplied by Robert G. L. Waite's book, *The Psychopathic God*. After reminding us of Theodor Heuss's statement that anti-Semitism was as important to Hitler as economics was to Marx and that a racially pure community was to him a goal equivalent to Marx's projected Communist society, Waite uses psychological analysis to argue that the destruction of Jewry was not peripheral to Hitler's thinking but a central and necessary objective that sustained and gave meaning to his life. It was an obsession that resulted from the trauma of his childhood, which led him to project upon the Jews all of the perversions to which he was, or feared



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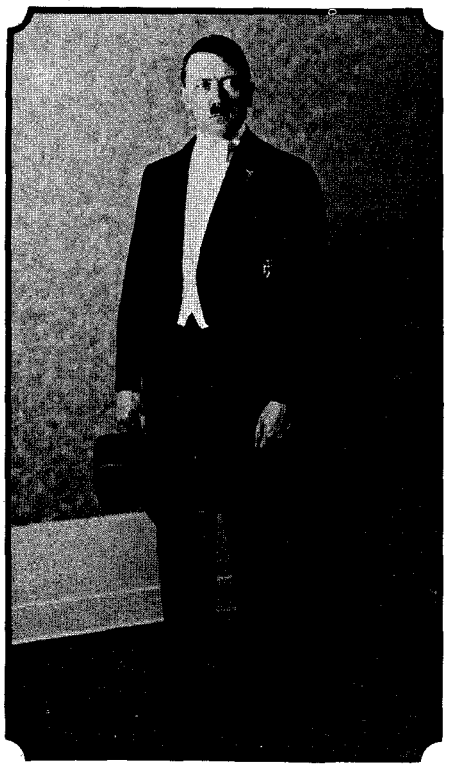

he was, personally prone. Genocide was the means by which he freed himself from guilt and, at the same time, a displacement of his own preoccupation with suicide. In the end, it also became a compensation for self-doubt and approaching defeat. The data that Mr. Waite adduces to support these conclusions cannot be reproduced here, but to this untutored mind they are persuasive.

The Psychopathic God—the title is from Auden's poem "September 1, 1939," in which the poet expressed the hope that accurate scholarship might

Find what occurred at Linz,
What huge imago made
A psychopathic god—

deserves to be considered on its own merits rather than as a mere foil to Irving's book. Unlike some other "psycho-historians," its author does not make the mistake of claiming too much for his approach to his subject, while at the same time being unyielding in his view that, if traditional methods of historical analysis and common sense are indispensable to any study of Hitler's career, they are inadequate for the investigation of his personal life and its influence upon his public activity. He believes that Hitler "must be seen at the same time as both a mentally deranged human being and a consummately skillful politician of high intelligence." To treat him solely as a rational statesman, as A. J. P. Taylor, among others, has done, is as mistaken as to become wholly absorbed in his abnormalities. The historian must try to work on both levels and to seek connections between them, in the knowledge that he will often have to resort to guesswork and that "as an act of imaginative reconstruction, his work will remain fallible, flawed and incomplete."

Waite goes about this difficult task soberly and methodically. The bulk of his book is composed of four solid and well documented sections on Hitler's personality and salient traits of character, his artistic interests and the genesis of his political ideas, his infancy, childhood and youth (a section in which the author has relied upon formal psychology to analyze Hitler's abnormal relationship with his father and his mother, the anxieties caused by his physical deficiencies, and the identity crises of his youth), and the historical background against which he began his political career. In his final chapter, he brings all of these strands together in an analysis of Hitler as a "border-line personality" in whom the tension between private neurosis and public policy finally led to a compulsive need to destroy what he had created.

Traditional historians may feel that, in his discussion of Hitler's attitude toward sex, Waite makes too much of the Fuehrer's missing testicle and his alleged tendency to coprophilia and that he draws the bow too far in arguing in his concluding pages that the halting of the armor at Dunkirk and Hitler's declaration of war on the United States were examples of his death wish. (The tank decision was as much Rundstedt's as Hitler's, and the declaration of war was induced not by a realization that the war was already lost but by the euphoria—"The turning point!" Hitler cried. "Now it is impossible for us to lose the war!"—caused by the news of Pearl Harbor.) But it would be a mistake to be captious. This is an interesting and an instructive book.

Gordon A. Craig

Gordon A. Craig is J. E. Wallace Sterling Professor of Humanities at Stanford, and has just completed a volume on Germany from 1866 to 1945 for the *Oxford History of Modern Europe.*

India: A Wounded Civilization by V.S. Naipaul

(Knopf; $7.95)

V.S. Naipaul is one of the masters of the contemporary novel. He knows how to tell a story and how to describe characters, and he has a wonderful command of the power and the subtlety of the English language. He also has a uniquely cosmopolitan scope, which is hardly surprising in view of his background and biography. Of Hindu antecedents, born and raised in Trinidad, now living in England, Naipaul moves with ease from one culture to another, seemingly at home everywhere and yet always retaining the critical distance of the stranger. And then there is something else, perhaps best described as his surgical eye. Naipaul's vision of the world and of people is harsh, precise, even merciless. All these qualities were amply illustrated in his latest novel, *Guerrillas* (published in this country in 1975), a complex and harrowing story about cultural disintegration and political violence in an imaginary Caribbean country. Now Naipaul has come out with a non-fiction work that had been anticipated for some time, a book of reminiscences and reflections about his ancestral homeland (which he only came to know as an adult). It is a fascinating book, also a disturbing one, and it raises questions that go beyond the validity of its particular interpretation of India.

India, as Naipaul sees it, is a civilization that has come to be profoundly marked by defeat. The book begins with an account of the desecration of a Hindu temple by British soldiers, and for a while it seems that the defeat perceived by Naipaul is simply the result of many centuries of foreign domination, not only that of the British Raj but of the long period of Muslim rule before that. Naipaul does not have much to say about the Muslims, but he is second to none in his contempt for the racial and cultural

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arrogance of British colonialism. Readers of his earlier works (certainly of *Guerrillas*) will know, however, that Naipaul is no purveyor of fashionable third world ideology. And, sure enough, as the book unfolds it becomes clear that the wound perceived by Naipaul is much deeper than the injuries inflicted by alien conquerors. In the end the wound is seen to be self-inflicted: India is a defeated civilization because it is a civilization shaped by Hinduism.

I hasten to add that Naipaul never says this in so many words—perhaps because he does not want to say it, perhaps (which would be more interesting) because he does not see this as the necessary implication of his own interpretation. But the implication is unavoidable. Hindu civilization, Naipaul tells us, provided for its people a world in equilibrium, in which human life as a whole and each of its details was uniquely ordered. This, of course, has been a recurrent view of India—for instance, by Max Weber, who saw it as the most completely ordered culture in human history, or more recently by Louis Dumont, who interpreted it as the perfect expression of *homo hierarchicus*, the most complete antithesis to modern ideals of liberty and equality. The world of Hinduism, then, is a world of pervasive stability. The paradox, as Naipaul sees it, is that this very stability cannot withstand change. Once the equilibrium is disturbed, as it was by the foreign conquerors, it is either shattered or it becomes petrified in immobility. The petrification is an act of panic, a desperate retreat from confronting the forces of change and the chaos of a loss of self. This is why, according to Naipaul, hysteria is always close to the surface in India.

Naipaul returns to this interpretation repeatedly throughout the book—in reporting casual conversations with Indians from various walks of life, in analyzing contemporary Indian novels, in a long and sharply critical discussion of Gandhian ideology (Naipaul shows respect for Gandhi himself, though he will certainly offend the Mahatma's admirers; he has only scorn for the current utilization of Ghandianism in Indian politics). The final ramifications of this interpretation come out most clearly in a chapter entitled "A Defect of Vision," which consists of an intriguing juxtaposition of Gandhi's biography and a recent novel, by U.R. Anantamurti, of the collapse into despair of a Brahmin religious leader. Naipaul approvingly quotes the views of Sudhir Kakar, a New Delhi psychotherapist. According to Kakar, the Indian ego is "underdeveloped": "The world of magic and animistic ways of thinking lie close to the surface. . . . There seems to be a different relationship to outside reality, compared to one met with in the West." Kakar understands this relationship to reality as being regressive, close to childhood; because of it, the Indian's grasp of reality is supposed to be "relatively tenuous." To hold the world together, therefore, the Indian needs the ordering forces of caste and clan, of the minute ritualization of everyday life. This world, though, is always threatened; hence the overriding Indian concern becomes the protection of the self in a universe of chaotic change. Kakar tells us: "We Indians use the outside reality to

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preserve the continuity of the self amidst an ever changing flux of outer events and things." *This*, it now appears, is the deepest wound from which, as Naipaul sees it, Indian civilization suffers. To recover from it, Indians will have to liberate themselves from their deep-rooted "defect of vision" and acquire that sense of "human possibility" (Naipaul's term) which allows individuals to act decisively in history.

Leaving aside Kakar's quasi-Freudian theorizing (it is hard to understand why this impressed Naipaul), what is being said here is really quite simple: the West has a better, more "developed," relationship to reality; India will never be cured of its ancient wound, unless it succeeds in making this Western reality its own. Now, I want to be meticulously fair here: The statement just made is mine, not Naipaul's, not Kakar's. All the same, it is, I think, the ineluctable conclusion to Naipaul's argument. One may also leave aside here the strange irony of a passionately anti-colonialist writer perceiving India in a way that would have been congenial to the most self-assured ethnocentrics of Victorian England. One should rather turn to the essential questions: What are the presuppositions of this vision of India? And are they viable?

It seems that visitors to India typically react to it vehemently; the vehemence may be positive or negative. I have not been to India, and I cannot predict what my own reaction would be. I'm fairly certain, though, that I could not so readily presuppose the self-evident superiority of the Western view of reality, self and history. At the very least, such superiority would have to be argued, not presupposed. If I may put it sharply, the fundamental presupposition of Naipaul's vision of India is that the worldview of the Upanishads is false. For this is where, finally, the peculiarity of the Indian relationship to reality must be placed—in its fundamental religious perceptions, which are indeed diametrically opposed to those perceptions (Hellenic as well as Israelite) that have shaped the worldview of the West. These religious perceptions have nothing to do with defeat and conquest. They antedate, by centuries if not millenia, the coming to India of Islam, of the British, and of the corrosive forces of modernity. The "tenuousness" of reality in the Indian mind is not to be explained by the psychology of a defeated people. It is, rather, the result of a distinctive, at its greatest moments a breathtaking, understanding of the human condition. By contrast with it, to be sure, our Western reality is seemingly non-tenuous, devoid of mystery and of the intervention by "magical" powers, and therefore malleable, conducive to the making of history. But can we be so cooly certain that we are right and that they are wrong? Are the Upanishads so clearly "underdeveloped?" And if one wants to take a moral rather than an epistemological line: Have we done so well with our history-making?

By chance I read Naipaul's book right after the new translation by Robert Thurman of *The Holy Teaching of Vimalakirti*, one of the great works of Mahayana Buddhism in India. It is an exceedingly difficult book for a Westerner to read, with its vistas of interpenetrating universes, of myriads of Boddhisatvas, of "inconceivable liberations." Thurman, in his introduction, is perhaps overly optimistic when he tells the Western reader: "Our imaginative visualization of the mental pictures created by the descriptions of the buddha-fields and by the distortions of dimensions, distances, times and spaces will contribute to our sensitivity to the profound and subtle implications of Vimalakirti's eloquent teaching, that we may be so fortunate to come to hear the great lion's roar of his profound silence." But it is not too optimistic to hope that contact with the cosmological imagination of the Indian mind will preclude its categorization as "underdeveloped" (and in psychoanalytic jargon to boot). Minimally, one would hope, there will be respect for a view of the universe so utterly different from our own.

Westerners encountering India (and, *mutatis mutandis*, other non-Western civilizations) tend to alternate between revulsion and adulation, between a mindless sense of modern superiority and an equally mindless conversion to anti-modern romanticism. Naipaul has made a great contribution, in this book as elsewhere, to the repudiation of the latter aberration (in this, incidentally, he is very close to Ruth Jhabvala, another novelist who, with great subtlety, manifests the impact of India on a Western sensibility). It is a pity that, when it comes to a critical view of modern reality, Naipaul reveals an all too common "defect of vision." It is a pity precisely because of Naipaul's outstanding gifts of crosscultural empathy. I believe that the great confrontation between the world civilizations (and this also means the confrontation between the world religions) has barely begun. This confrontation is an urgent task, if the human race is not to have imposed upon itself a dreadful sameness of vision, in a global pseudo-civilization dictated by economics and politics. Such a task will indeed require a surgical eye, but also a humble ear, with the capacity to listen to the roaring of strange lions.

Peter L. Berger

Peter L. Berger's most recent book is *Rumour of Angels: Modern Society and the Rediscovery of the Supernatural* (Irvington).

Mahatma Gandhi and his Apostles
by Ved Mehta

(Viking; $14.95)

Gandhi and Civil Disobedience
by Judith M. Brown

(Cambridge University Press; $32.50)

The elephant is like a rope, says the blind man. It is like a tree-trunk, says another. No, it is like a snake, says a third. Thus Ved Mehta assembles his idiosyncratic reports on the elephant's epidermis, while Judith Brown meticulously measures it inch by inch.

Appropriately, the elephant is Mohandas Gandhi, whose effects on his associates, his country, and the world are still being sized up while his image, like that of the Indian elephant, has become deified. Neither book purports to give a comprehensive account of Gandhi's life and thought. Some 400 biographies have already tried, and many are no doubt yet to come.

Why then these further efforts? In

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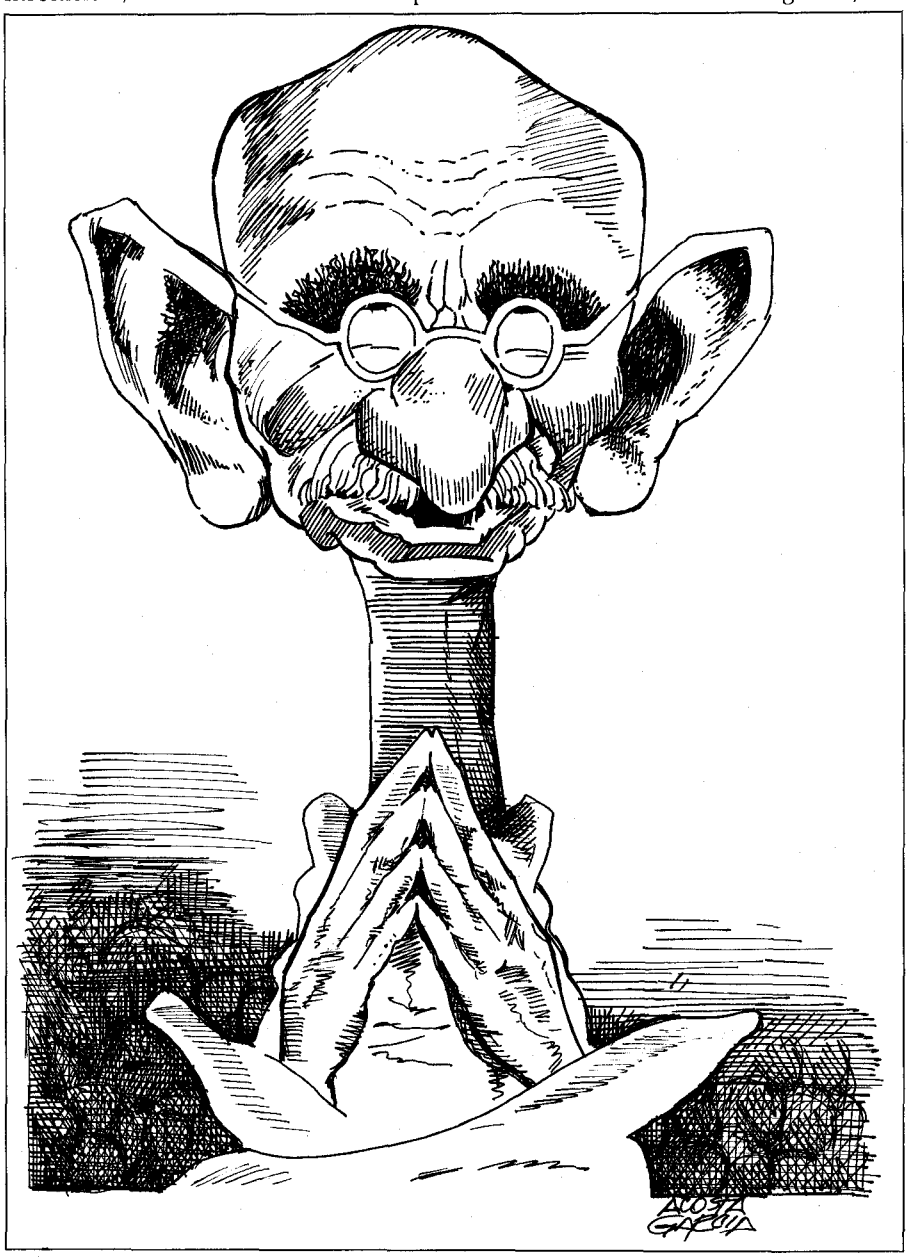
Mehta's case, it is "both to demythologize Gandhi and to capture something of the nature of his influence on his followers and . . . their interpretations of his life on India." This he does partly through direct recollections of those whom he calls "apostles" of Gandhi. The woman whose words constitute Mehta's first chapter describes Gandhi's daily life in the last of his ashrams, Sevagram—his physical features and habits, his humor and humility. Mehta then goes to Sevagram to get a personal sense of the place—and on to the Gandhi Cremation Ground and Exhibition ("somewhat reminiscent of Disneyland"), to the Gandhi National Memorial Museum and Fund, to the Gandhi Peace Foundation, and to Gandhi's earlier ashram Sabarmati, near Ahmedabad. (There an ancient occupant, prompted to say something about Gandhi, shouts out "Truth and nonviolence are as old as the hills! But nobody listens!")

Mehta also visits the Indian Government's department for the Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi, whose English edition will comprise some 80 volumes. He visits Pyarelal, Gandhi's official biographer who has spent nearly 20 of his 70-odd years recording 31 years of Gandhi's life, with 47 yet to go. Mehta peruses two standard bibliographies of Gandhian literature listing thousands of biographical studies, essays, poems and novels, periodicals, even the 253 books Gandhi is known to have read. Mehta reflects how strange it is that "of all people, Gandhi, who lived in such starkly simple circumstances, should be so encumbered after death."

He interviews others who knew Gandhi, who lived with him, supported him, worked and walked with him. He goes back to Gandhi's own autobiographical writings and to those who wrote about him, tracing his childhood and young manhood to London and back, to South Africa and back. Only midway in the book does Mehta begin to describe Gandhi's political involvements which characterized the remainder of his days, a portion of which Judith Brown so scrupulously details. Mehta covers the period of Gandhi's return to India (1915) to his death (1948) in three short chapters—admirably concise but necessarily skimpy. His descriptions of Gandhi's first real *satyagraha* efforts—in support of peasants in Champaran and Kheda, and of millworkers in Ahmedabad—are straight factual accounts similar to those in other biographies. The period from 1928 to 1934 (encompassing the famous Salt March)—the focus of Judith Brown's 400-page book—is covered by Mehta in about six pages, though with readable grace and accuracy.

In assessing Gandhi's nonviolent philosophy and its origins, Mehta seems most lopsided. Tracing *satyagraha*—truth- or soul-force—to Gandhi's early guilts and subsequent efforts to control his sexual and other appetites (*brahmacharya*), Mehta jumps to the period just preceding independence and Gandhi's death, when Gandhi attempts to reconcile Hindus and Moslems after the bloody rioting of October 1946 in Noakhali (East Bengal). Mehta went there to talk with several who had walked with Gandhi, particularly his Bengali interpreter Nirmal Kumar Bose (who later became another of Gandhi's chroniclers). Their conversation apparently dwelt on Gandhi's *brahmacharya* experiments—notably his practice of sleeping non-sexually with women, sometimes nude and nubile ones. Mehta quotes Erik Erikson (from *Gandhi's Truth* to support Bose's contention that Gandhi's *brahmacharya*—and by implication *satyagraha*—was rooted in his "repression of the sexual instinct" as penance for "having proved untrue to his father during the last moments of his life" (his father died while young Gandhi had gone to bed with his pregnant wife). Freud similarly traced Leonardo's energy source to repressed libido; Erikson's lengthy tome, drawing parallels between *satyagraha* and psychoanalytical insights, gives proportionately less weight to Gandhi's sleeping practices than Mehta appears to. Mehta compares them to Lear's need for reassurances from his daughters, to



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similar Biblical episodes, and the "maternal solace" which Gandhi so generously gave to others and apparently needed in his own times of sorrow and devastated hopes for Hindu-Moslem unity.

Altogether Mehta's composite picture of Gandhi is alive, colorful, earthy—but mottled with pathos and irony. The "apostles" with whom he talks come through as disheveled and dotty, or—as in the cases of three Constructive Workers whom he calls "Gandhi's real heirs"—weary and out of touch. He asks one of them, Vinoba Bhave—who had joined Gandhi's Ahmedabad ashram in 1916 and after his death led the *Bhoodan*, or land-gift, movement—why he had given up wrestling with India's overriding problem of poverty. "I'm a very old man, I must prepare to meet my God," Bhave tells him. Mehta goes then to the remote ashram where Satish Chandra Das Gupta tries to restore barren land, and Gupta, "eyes swimming with tears," touches Mehta for his last 20 rupees. In Afghanistan Mehta seeks out Abdul Ghaffar Khan, "the Frontier Gandhi," who tells him with sad and gentle eyes that "in India, Gandhiism is dead. Gandhi is completely forgotten. It's the story of Buddha all over again."

Gandhi's struggle for Indian independence was subordinate to (or, as he saw it, meaningless without) *satyagraha*, the struggle for purity and unity manifest in self-reliance and sanitation, in Hindu-Moslem accord, and in the uplift and acceptance of Untouchables whom he called Harijans, children of God. To the end, Gandhi "went on talking about the country's abominable sanitary conditions and exhorting his countrymen to become untouchables and so wipe away the stain of untouchability—now asking soldiers to set aside their arms and take up the urgent work of cleaning the country, now telling the government to spend its money for spades and pickaxes instead of guns and ammunition." Mehta concludes on the bitter note that "Gandhi died without making the slightest dent" in any of this, and that "one of the ironies of history" is the coincidence of Indira Gandhi's name with that of Mahatma Gandhi's.

(That the book was completed during Indira Gandhi's state of "emergency" accounts for some of this bitterness, no doubt. In a recent "letter of amplification" to *The New Yorker*, where the book was first serialized, Mehta's gloomy outlook had considerably brightened since the elections which toppled Indira Gandhi's tight rule.)

Now comes Judith Brown with her measuring tape. This step by step account of Gandhi's massive civil disobedience campaign which peaked in 1930 somewhat parallels her earlier work, *Gandhi's Rise to Power* (1972). That first volume focused on the period from 1915, when Gandhi returned to India from South Africa, to 1922 when Gandhi was sentenced to six years in prison for sedition but released two years later for health reasons. He remained in semi-retirement from politics for several years, devoting his recuperating energies to spreading the ideas of *swadeshi* (self-reliance or home production), spinning *khadi*, Moslem-Hindu unity, and eradication of untouchability. All of these he saw as essential to the goal of *purna swaraj*—total independence—and it is on his return to political involvement for this purpose that Brown resumes her second book, *Gandhi and Civil Disobedience*.

In the successful Bardoli campaign of 1928 and the Calcutta Congress of the same year, Gandhi re-emerged as a political leader. This time he assured Congress, especially its leading figures Motilal Nehru and his hot-headed son Jawaharlal, that neither communal disunity nor individual acts of violence need deter an all-India campaign of civil disobedience. The Congress Working Committee declared 26 January 1930 as Independence Day, and Gandhi and Jawaharlal proceeded to work out a Declaration to back it up.

On January 30 Gandhi presented to Viceroy Irwin a list of 11 demands which, if not met—as they were not—would be the basis for launching nationwide civil disobedience. The fourth point, abolition of the salt tax, became the focus of the campaign as Gandhi made his 240-mile walk from Sabarmati ashram down the Gujarat coast to Dandi during March and April 1930. In May Gandhi was arrested, but civil disobedience had caught on and throughout India people began to defy the salt tax laws. Despite tens of thousands of arrests during 1930, Indians continued their salt-making, picketing and boycotting of foreign cloth and liquor shops (Gandhi's first demand had been for prohibition), "forest satyagraha" in defiance of rigid forest restrictions, resignations of government clerks, refusals to pay land revenue. Women and children took part in increasing numbers. Cloth boycotts especially spread, partly due to world depression, and Brown notes the "blend of vested interest and ideological enthusiasm which linked men primarily interested in local power into an all-India movement." Still, merchants were required to make sacrifices and they did so as if in time of war, cooperating far more than they had in 1920-22.

In July 1930 the arrest of the two Nehrus lopped off further leadership, and the Working Committee of the Congress was declared illegal. Arrests of more leaders followed, and though the civil disobedience campaign had begun to lose steam, concessions toward Indian self-rule (though not independence) were made at the Round Table Conference in London in November—despite the absence of Congress representatives—on the basis of which Viceroy Irwin and Gandhi were hopeful for future negotiations. Early in 1931 when Gandhi and his Working Committee were released, Gandhi and Irwin met to work out a truce which came to be known as the Gandhi-Irwin pact. Neither Gandhi's Congress cohorts nor Irwin's government colleagues were happy about this truce, and from then on things were never again so cordial.

The next two years were replete with arrests and releases and re-arrests, deteriorating inter-communal relations, disintegration of civil disobedience and of negotiations with the British. By March 1934 it was clear that civil disobedience was dead and had only to be formally ended. Gandhi did this in effect through a statement expressing approval of Congress participation in the controversial Legislative elections via the newly-formed Swaraj party which he urged Congress to support—a move which dismayed Nehru, still in prison. In June, Congress was legalized again but the political infighting and preoccupation with electoral processes by now made Gandhi feel he must withdraw from direct political involvement, and at the Bombay Congress he resigned.

We can await now the final denouement in Brown's competent hands. Apart from her sometimes erratic punctuation and the profusion of complex Indian names which often makes her narrative as confusing as a Russian novel, Brown's books are very useful not only for scholars of India and of Gandhi, but also as handy references for anyone generally knowledgable in these crucial periods (and apparently inexhaustible subjects) who may want to check out specific details. Brown's voluminous facts, figures and sources, augmented by the now-accessible British materials, are

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carefully corroborated in many charts and footnotes. Seeping through all the tightly-packed data are delicately tentative, objectively formulated expressions of Brown's sensibility and sympathies which raise this narrative above a dry, tedious history to a cautiously positive assessment of this ungainly little man of mammoth spiritual proportions.

Mehta depicts the very human and earthy Gandhi, Brown emphasizes the political Gandhi. So piece by piece do the blind feel their way to palpable comprehension of a man whose efforts at nonviolent fusion of opposing forces may be of comparable importance in our century to the splitting of the atom.

Vincent Sheean, who reviewed a book on Lenin and Gandhi for *The New Republic* in 1927 (which, as he later wrote, "probably caused to be printed some rare nonsense on the subject"), asked Gandhi a few days before his assassination what he thought of the atomic bomb. Aware of its destructive force, the antithesis of his life, this simple and astonishing man replied that the dissolution of matter was absolutely certain at some point, and if there were any survivors "they would undoubtedly say 'What a wondrous spectacle!'"

Ann Morrissett Davidon

Ann Morrissett Davidon is a free-lance writer living in Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Full Disclosure by William Safire

(Doubleday, $10.95)

In its long and distinguished history, *The New Republic* is again about to break new ground: the first four-fold table in a book review. (I am feeling the same pangs of achievement as when I invented the "illustrated footnote" while writing a history of American political cartoons.)

The purpose of the following table is to establish some distinctions for reviewing a novel that is not by Saul Bellow and does not pretend to be.

NOVELISTS	
Professionals	*Amateurs*
Popular	
(Irving Wallace)	(William Safire)
Serious	
(Saul Bellow)	(Edward Bellamy)

Since the four categories of writers have employed the same genre, some reviewers like to lump them together, obviously to the calculated detriment of the Popular and the Amateur. Thus the reviewer cues the reader that he has "standards." He knows the meritorious from the meretricious. If the Amateur is exceptionally skillful (as is Safire), the reviewer can report his "surprise" and still maintain membership in the guild.

The lumping can produce some uneasiness among readers, who do not make the same mistake of equating mysteries with metaphysics. It also produces some unhappiness among writers. The Serious Professional bemoans that he is not popular, *i.e.*, that his books do not make money. The Popular Professional bemoans that he is not taken seriously, *i.e.*, that his books do not receive critical acclaim.

Sometimes, of course, the Serious Professional does make money, often when he sells himself rather than his product, *viz.* Norman Mailer. Sometimes the Popular Professional is taken seriously, usually after he is dead, *viz.* Dickens and Dostoyevsky.

In general, however, the system works to reward the good Professional who strives to be Popular with the coin of the popular, money, and the good Professional who strives to be Serious with the coin of the serious, status (measured in honorary degrees, *a festschrift*, and the admiration of Bennington students.)

The Amateur, on the other hand, is responding to a different drummer. Being a novelist is not what he is trained for, nor how he spends most of his time, nor how he would describe himself. If he is a Serious Amateur, his design may be to "educate" (B. F. Skinner, Leo Szilard); he chooses the novel form as a way of reaching a mass audience. If he is a Popular Amateur, he simply wants to tell a tale, and sometimes to cash in on notoriety acquired elsewhere (Spiro Agnew). He often knows something—presidential politics or intrigue in academia or aviation—that he thinks he can explain most usefully in fiction. He is usually a one-book novelist, though not always (Disraeli, C. P. Snow).

So why compare him with Saul Bellow? The reviewer need not feel an obligation to protect the potential buyer. No one is apt to confuse a John Ehrlichman with the most recent Nobel Laureate for Literature.

He is what he is: An Amateur. Hence the purpose of the four-fold table. The distinctions are made. If he is Serious, we must ask whether he has done an effective job of educating us to his point-of-view (*Walden Two* no less than *Contingencies of Re-Enforcement*). If he is Popular, the standards by which we should judge him are: Has he amused us, if that is clearly his intention? Has he told us enough about something that interests us and that we did not know? In short, has he given us our money's worth?

In the case of William Safire, former Nixon speechwriter and now a columnist for *The New York Times*, the answer is a resounding yes.

Full Disclosure is about presidential politics by a man who intimately knows

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presidential politics. His novel meets the criterion of telling things we did not know about practices that interest most of us.

The story opens in Yalta with the Soviet Foreign Minister engineering a plot to assassinate the Soviet Premier and the US President, who are riding together in a helicopter. The Premier dies and the President is blinded. The rest of the book concerns the President's efforts to keep from being declared disabled and removed from office under the 25th Amendment. (In the case of the serious novelist, professional or amateur, the plot is probably secondary, and the reviewer is free to reveal as much as necessary to make a point. With the popular novelist, revelation would be bad form. The reader's satisfaction depends on learning whether the butler did it at the point in the story that the author wants him to have this information, thereby confirming or contradicting the reader's expectations.)

Safire's plot surprises. The characters have funny lines. Those who take their turn on the stage include a beautiful Official Photographer to the President; a Super-Rich Secretary of the Treasury; an Idealistic Young Speechwriter, who shares the beautiful Official Photographer with the Lincolnesque President; a lovable Seeing Eye Dog; and a Pompous Ass Columnist. The pace is brisk. There is abundant sex between people of high rank. There are even villains to hiss. *Full Disclosure* meets the other criterion of those who can afford $10.95. It's worth it.

For people who feel guilty if they are not reading from the Lower Left, this ain't it; for those who can find pleasure in the Upper Right, enjoy.

Stephen Hess

Stephen Hess's most recent book is *Organizing the Presidency* (Brookings).

Brief Reviews

Roger Baldwin by Peggy Lamson

(Houghton Mifflin; $12.50)

The American Civil Liberties Union was founded in 1920 by Roger Baldwin, then aged 36, who is now 93. This informal biography is more properly described as an extended interview. Details of Baldwin's life are incidental to his recollections of the history of the ACLU, which is a pity since his journey along the riverbank of the American Left is rather more interesting than the ancient acrimonies of ACLU. If for no other reason than his great age, Baldwin's career has spanned the century like a modern Pilgrim's, and it is intriguing to see a mind set in an earlier time grapple with contemporary problems. What does Baldwin think of the ACLU these days, with its abundance of chairpersons and contempt for his own Yankee Unitarianism? Has the American state of mind outgrown the epoch that gave rise to the Old Left? Thanks in part to the ACLU we are no longer at the mercy of A. Mitchell Palmer or Martin Dies or J. Edgar Hoover or any of the other specimens in its chamber of horrors, but who threatens us today? This is an affectionate portrait of an American whose influence was subtle and pervasive, but an historical analysis of his creation is still to come.

Black Jack: The Life and Times of John J. Pershing by Frank E. Vandiver

(Texas A & M Univ. Press; $35, 2 vols.)

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. divides the American military tradition between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers: on the one side, Grant, Marshall, Ridgeway; on the other, McClellan, Patton, MacArthur. Pershing was a Roundhead, although which side he would have chosen between Cromwell or Charles I is a matter of conjecture; he was probably the finest example we have of this better side of American generalship. To command the AEF in World War I was as much a diplomatic as military assignment: Pershing was pleased to have the opportunity to lead the Americans in their rescue of the Western front, and determined to maintain the AEF as an independent force. Yet he remained unfailingly courteous to the other Allied commanders, succeeded in complementing French and British operations, and was a resolute and humane captain—careful to avoid wasting lives, tactically inventive and effective and, by his stolid and resolute manner, an inspiration to his troops, as well as a shot in the arm to the Allies.

This is one of the finest biographies that has been written of an American general, a masterful account of a military career that is both broad and deep. It is difficult to sew together the threads of character and events and to humanize the image of a totem like Pershing, but Frank Vandiver has succeeded, and stylishly, too. Perhaps some further inquiry into Pershing's personality might have been in order—in 1915, for example, his wife and three daughters died in a fire—but Pershing purposely left few novelistic details of himself and Vandiver wisely avoids going where no trail can lead him.

Special People by Julie Nixon Eisenhower

(Simon and Schuster; $8.95)

This is an exercise in distraction. Julie Nixon Eisenhower must surely realize that as we slog through the quicksand of these negligible portraits of celebrities she has known, we are all the time thirsting for something about the two people—or at least the one father—she knows best. After all, if she weren't Richard Nixon's daughter she would never have made the acquaintance of Prince Charles, Golda Meir, Mrs. Billy Graham, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Mao Tse-tung or Mamie Eisenhower, or had the opportunity to publish her vapid impressions of them. What is intriguing is that her essays manage to belie the title, and ostensibly interesting people are revealed as not very special after all, or at any rate not very special in her presence. What hand would not wither, so to speak, gesturing in interview with Rpchard Nixon's daughter? I should have thought Lynda Bird Johnson's 1967 account in *McCall's* of her engagement (crawling across the presidential bed to give LBJ and Lady Bird the good news) had put an end to the literary aspirations of White House children, but, alas, no.

Public Trust, Private Lust by Marion Clark and Rudy Maxa

(Morrow; $8.95)

One of the vanities of youth is that each discovery is a revelation, and a year or two ago Marion Clark and Rudy Maxa, "two young *Washington Post* investigative reporters," after months of exhaustive research and hundreds of

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interviews with thousands of sources on land, sea and in the air, concluded that various members of Congress are known to have mistresses whom they sometimes employ in their offices. As with everyone else before Watergate, Clark and Maxa undoubtedly thought the world of their elected officials, and were therefore so astonished by the sleazy truth that they could ever after only write sentences that resembled Mickey Spillane's, refer to themselves in the third person (just like Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein) and thank God that *The Washington Post*, at least, is above such arrangements.

This book will serve as a warning to indiscreet congressmen, but leaves unsolved the problem of maniacal ascetics in office. For that matter, what is worse—Liz Ray playing backgammon at government expense, or journalists who assert that in the '50s it was fashionable to be a dumb blonde? Who whom, anyway? The penultimate line of *Public Trust, Private Lust* says, ". . . the reaction to the congressional scandals of 1976 held the promise of better government in Washington: campaign speeches everywhere were filled with pledges of a new political morality." Even a dumb blonde wouldn't pay $8.95 to read that.

Philip Terzian

Reconsideration

The Shame of the Cities by Lincoln Steffens

(Hill and Wang; paper, $1.95)

Lincoln Steffens came to Pittsburgh on a spring night in 1903 to muckrake the town for *McClure's Magazine*. He decided to take a walk around the streets before retiring, and his rambles finally brought him to a hill overlooking the huge fire-belching furnaces of the steel mills. The might and mystery of what he saw before him impressed Steffens powerfully as the symbol of the city, and he wrote back to New York for an artist—not merely an illustrator, he recalled—to capture it on canvas for *McClure's*. Jules Guerin's painting "Pittsburgh as Hell With the Lid Off" appeared with Steffen's own "Pittsburgh: A City Ashamed" in May 1903.

What distinguished Steffens from other journalists was, among other things, his keen sense of how things *looked:* a careful eye for appearances and the symbolic value thrown up by objective data. In other cities he searched for unusual portraits of the bosses whose sordid tales he spread on *McClure's* pages, or he might look for facsimiles of the handwritten "contracts" which governed the dealings of one boss with another. In St. Louis he found photographs of expensive, half-finished public buildings already falling to ruin as symbols of the city's moral and material rot. Unfortunately, few of these pictures were included in *The Shame of the Cities* when *McClure's* issued a selection of the original articles in book form.

But no matter, for Steffen's sensitivity to detail was even stronger in the sharp prose he used to dissect St. Louis, Pittsburgh, or any of the other cities he visited. It is this, the extraordinary manner of presentation, which makes the articles worth reading again. Steffen's substantive findings, while not wholly discredited, have been re-examined over the years and the verdict among historians is at least mixed. Some say he pinpointed the characters and activities of bosses and reformers with only small distortions, but others, like Samuel P. Hays, find the dichotomy Steffens saw between the people ("the Pittsburghers," for example) and the bosses much overdrawn in the face of the reality of interest group politics and the multi-faceted social-political milieu which characterized American cities. Also, the new urban history of the last decade has tried to get away from looking at cities as problem children; the idea now is to study not cities but urbanization—the city as process. (Sam Bass Warner, Jr.'s *The Urban Wilderness* [1972] is an interesting combination of the problem and process approaches, seeking out the roots of the modern urban crisis in a very scholarly analysis of the urbanization process.) Finally, it is difficult now in the days of incredibly sophisticated media technology to accept Steffens's main assertion that "the people" are as guilty as their governments because they tolerate corruption. Reports of reality are easily faked and people's behavior in response to such reports can be managed.

Steffens did not fake reality. He did not even want to reveal new realities, despite a reputation that made him out to be a kind of special prosecutor digging out facts and relationships never before known outside a city's criminal ring. Steffens said it himself: "The exposition of what people know and stand for is the purpose of these articles, not the exposure of corruption . . . ." The shame of the cities was ultimately the shame of the people. By night, Pittsburgh was, physically, "Hell With the Lid Off," but by day Steffens found that it was, politically, "hell with the lid on," and he wanted to find out *why* it was still on. To do that he had to write in such a way as to make politics and political characters unforgettably real in the consciousness of those who must rise against them.

Language itself—the careful choice of words—could do as much as anything to call a reader's attention to the articles' contents. S. S. McClure, Steffens's editor and publisher, said he wanted words like "shame" and phrases like "enemies of the republic" scattered through the muckrake pieces because they shocked people and heightened the effect of bad news appearing month by month in the magazine, so Steffens wrote of "The Shame of Minneapolis," "The Shamelessness of St. Louis," and "Pittsburgh: A City Ashamed."

But language was only the beginning. The real attraction of Steffens's work was his skill at weaving tales of corruption around personalities. No impersonal forces of economics or demography shaped Steffens's cities; they were in the grip of bosses and reformers with sharply defined personal histories and characters. Every city had a boss like St. Louis's Colonel Ed Butler or Minneapolis's "Doc" Ames, and when there were two bosses in one city, they worked as one. Thus Steffens described Chris Magee and William Flinn of Pittsburgh as two parts of a split personality: "Magee wanted power, Flinn wanted wealth. Each got both these things; but Magee spent his wealth for more power, and Flinn spent his power for more

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wealth. Magee was the sower, Flinn the reaper. In dealing with men they came to be necessary to each other, these two. Magee attracted followers, Flinn employed them. The men Magee won, Flinn compelled to obey, and those he lost Magee won back." And the bosses were brazen, cocky men, all seeming to mouth Boss William Marcy Tweed's earlier famous taunt, "What are you going to do about it?" When they talked to Steffens they seemed willing to spill all with a smiling assurance that no one could touch them. Steffens made as much of this as he could because he, too, wanted to taunt his readers, to repeat and amplify the insult with the intention of goading them into action.

Steffens described the reformers, too, so that his articles emphasized characteristics which tended to "type" them. They all seemed to resemble Joseph W. Folk, Circuit Attorney for St. Louis, "a thin-lipped, firm-mouthed, dark little man, who never raises his voice." Quiet-spoken, ordinary citizens—perhaps the way Steffens imagined his own readers—the reformers were at first reluctant to leave private life and start fights with the bosses, but once involved, they fought tenaciously, uncompromisingly, in ways that must command the respect of the bosses themselves. If a bank president refuses to open a safe deposit box to reveal a suspected bundle of bribery cash and pleads in fearful, "almost inaudible tones" for time to consult legal advice, Folk says: "We will wait ten minutes." If the prosecuting attorney for Minneapolis is too frightened to attack "Doc" Ames, then Hovey Clarke, foreman of the grand jury says simply: "You are excused." There is a scene. "'Do you think, Mr. Clarke,' he cried, 'that you can run the grand jury and my office, too?' 'Yes,' said Clarke, 'I will run your office if I want to; and I want to. You're excused.'"

Writing in terms of personalities had been standard policy at *McClure's* for a decade, well before the magazine's muckrake phase, but it was especially useful in Steffens's work. Another tested device was to write part or all of an article as the story of the reporter's own visit to the people involved. Steffens used this device to give a sense of the urgent present to articles which otherwise often dealt with the history of one or another city's corruption. He reported conversations with citizens about local politics and gave his reader tours of cities' decaying streets in an effort to bring home the very present physical consequences of bad government. But best of all was a description of a visit to a boss in his own bastion, an invitation to size up a powerful man as Steffens himself had to do. In "Ohio: A Tale of Two Cities" which Steffens prepared in 1905 after *The Shame of the Cities* appeared, the reader climbs the stairs with the reporter to Boss George Cox's office above a Cincinnati saloon:

> *A great hulk of a man sat there alone, poring over a newspaper, with his back to the door. He did not look up. "Mr. Cox?" I said. There was a grunt; that was all. "Mr. Cox," I said, "I understand that you are the boss of Cincinnati." His feet slowly moved his chair about, and a stolid face turned to mine. Two dark, sharp eyes studied me, and while they measured, I explained that I was a student of "politics, corrupt politics, and bosses." I repeated that I had heard he was the boss of Cincinnati. "Are you?" I concluded. "I am," he grumbled in his harsh, throaty voice. "Of course you have a mayor, and a council, and judges?" "Yes," he admitted; "but—" he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the desk—"I have a telephone, too."*

The reporter offers no ready-made conclusions but tries instead to give the appearance of sharing an experience—not the awareness itself but the process of becoming aware.

The Shame of the Cities made Steffens famous for his detailed exposition of corruption in high places and the way he got down to specifics in naming names, times, places and people. Yet he also knew when to avoid masses of detail in favor of a more careful and sparse selection of symbolic events—things which would stay in a reader's mind the longer because they stood alone and uncluttered on the page. Steffens measured the distance which "Doc" Ames had traveled toward moral degeneracy, for example, by offering two sketches of the Minneapolis boss: in one Ames is a young doctor helping the poor without charge ("Richer men than you will pay your bill"); in the other an older Ames has neglected his family, left his wife for another woman, and now sits in a carriage outside the wife's funeral, "with his feet up and a cigar in his mouth, till the funeral moved; then he circled around, crossing it and meeting it, and making altogether a scene which might well close any man's career." Of the same quality is another prose image of Philadelphia boodlers as they "counted out the 'divvy' of their graft in unison with the ancient chime of Independence Hall."

Steffens did not write this way merely to call attention to himself or his articles, though certainly the success of any *McClure's* serial depended upon a reader's coming back again and again for a known quantity of excitement. Both Steffens and McClure hoped that a sense of interest or even outrage would last well beyond the point when a reader finished the magazine and put it back on the coffee table. If it did not last, then the muckraker's faith in the people was wrong, but judging by the mail he received, Steffens thought the interest did last.

And something else may have happened as well. By personalizing urban problems and by sketching memorable portraits of big city politicos as they sat in their offices or moved about their city halls, hotels and police stations, Steffens probably helped to stereotype them in the public mind as targets for reform. *McClure's* was, after all, a nationally circulated monthly with a circulation of about 377,000 when the articles appeared, and its actual readership was considerably higher; people in the city and in the country were coming to know intimately—if too simply—certain kinds of characters whom they had never thought much about before. They were also learning to recognize and use a vocabulary ("boss," "boodle," "steerers," "boosters," "speakeasy") which, despite Steffens's stated purpose of merely giving effective arrangement to facts which he claimed were well-known, was new to most of them. Robert Cantwell suggested something like this about all muckraking in the essay he wrote in the 1930s for Harold Stearns's *America Now.* Progressive journalists were successful, he thought, for reasons which had little to do with politics or the specific proposals they made. Indeed, muckrakers did not much concern themselves with proposals except their very general and implied invitation to Americans that they return to a presumed 19th century ethical, democratic conduct. The journalists' success owed more to the fact that they created an original genre of Americal literature, "a literature of information and inquiry." The famous

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boast about the muckrakers that they named the names and fixed the dates associated with corruption in American institutions is true not so much in the sense that they provided data for indictments but that they made the patterns of corruption real in the public mind by reconstructing those patterns with people and personalities.

If that is true, then Steffens contributed something unique toward making Progressivism a truly *national* reform consciousness. Historians agree now that the term "Progressive Movement" is a misnomer since it overstates the degree to which turn-of-the-century reformers were united in an organized, homogeneous body possessed of sharply articulated goals. Even the Progressive Party of 1912 is better understood in the context of that year's peculiar politics than as a political manifestation of an entire reform era. And if Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life* (1909) is generally taken to have been the formulation of the Progressive philosophy, it is still worth noting that Croly derived large parts of it from the presidential behavior of Theodore Roosevelt, a Progressive to be sure, but only one among many whose interests and methods varied. Progressivism was a reform consciousness which involved thousands of people at various levels of awareness and degrees of participation.

Yet the *awareness* was real and it was built in large part by journalists like Lincoln Steffens. Steffens did not write about everybody's problems, but neither was he the only muckraker. Ida M. Tarbell and Ray Stannard Baker published *McClure's* articles in the same style about corporate and labor lawlessness, and there were other writers on the staffs of other magazines. All of this takes on rather special implications when one recalls the further fact that the muckrakers' magazines were nationally circulated, giving their work a new *breadth* availability, and cheap enough (10 cents) to give the articles a *depth* of circulation never before possible. This shift in the range and reach of magazine literature which only began about 1890 probably triggered a shift of American reform, making Progressivism different in character—more national—from Populism and perhaps even Jacksonian reform.

It would be easy to over-argue the point and construct a kind of false "media determinism," but it is at least time to re-examine the specific role of the muckrakers in the Age of Reform, for while everyone agrees their work was significant, the significance may have been different than we have supposed.

Robert Stinson

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The Back of the Book

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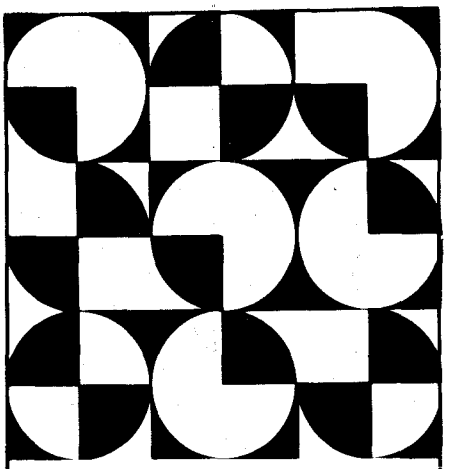
On May 17, 1795, President Washington sent a note rebuking a city Commissioner for preferring a house in Georgetown to one nearer his duties in the Federal City. At the time the Federal City consisted of boarding houses (one of them Jefferson's), an oyster market, open fields and swamps. Georgetown, on the other hand, had been an elegant, independent village for 150 years, which explains why everybody in America wanted to live there, and still does. It is, after all, quite a place: one square mile of clay-rich earth sloping up from the Potomac, packed with shoe shops, hair stylists, ice cream parlors, French food stores, a used car lot for Rolls-Royces and Cords, bars for several sexes, antique street lamps, cobblestone, brass, brick, cairns and most precious of all, houses; red, yellow, white and grey ones; Federal, Victorian, and Classic Revival.

For all the life and history of the area, nothing is mentioned more often in Georgetown (or anywhere else in Washington) than the market value of those precious houses, which as it rises more regularly and faster than the sun, accounts for the prestige of local real estate agents. Georgetown realtors are nice people with occultist gifts; they cannot tell you *why* the two-bedroom, one and a half bath carriage house on



"Morality is characteristically learned as one learns to speak one's mother tongue grammatically:

not by formal instruction, in times set aside for it, but by conversation and by participation in a common life."

In **THE THEORY OF MORALITY** Alan Donagan examines, philosophically, that part of the Hebrew-Christian moral tradition that is concerned with the duties of human beings to themselves and to one another and which is independent of any religious belief. It is, in Donagan's opinion, "unthinkable that a traditional concensus about the substance of morality, maintained for over two millennia through great social and cultural changes, should be accidental."

From this tradition, Donagan constructs a system of morality and investigates its truth, in some part by examining the various objections that have been made to it. In no way dogmatic, yet leaving no doubt as to his personal views, he cites writers from Aristotle and Aquinas, to Kant, Hegel, and Rawls who have argued questions of common morality.

Donagan does not stay aloof on the higher reaches of philosophical theory. He discusses issues that confront society today—such as war, population control, sexual behavior, medical and political ethics—and argues that, for a rational creature, there are precepts that cannot be violated except by violating one's own rationality. And, as Library Journal says, "His style is felicitous and his insights significant."

THE THEORY OF MORALITY $15.00

University of Chicago Press
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Volta Place that cost $85,000 in 1975, is now worth $175,000; but since a White House aide just bought the house for that price (and lucky to get it) can prove that *is* worth $175,000, and going up. Georgetown real estate agents also have a language of their own, which they use in newspapers.

Ads with the headlines, "Georgetown/Palisades" or "Georgetown/Burleith" mean that the house

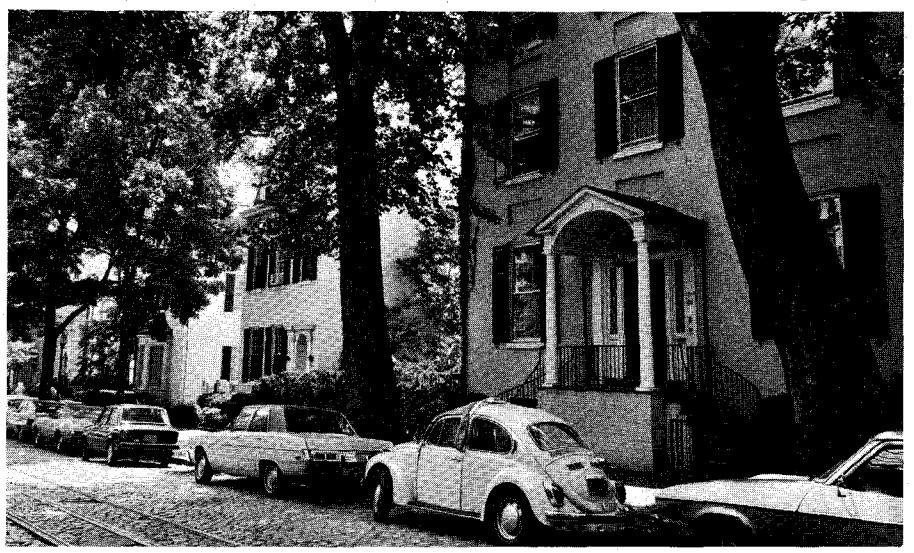

Photo by Diana Walker

advertised is not in Georgetown but in a near-by neighborhood, a short bus ride from Georgetown, and that the ad is an outright lie, but what did you expect for $114,500? No one is fooled by such ads, and Burleith and Palisades residents may be comforted, if confused, by them. "Georgetown Area" may mean Dupont Circle or Rosslyn, Virginia. "The Feeling of Georgetown" means West Virginia.

"Highly desirable Georgetown location" usually means Georgetown east of Wisconsin Avenue. Neighborhood folklore has it that, as in Manhattan, the East side is better bred. This is the side where the great Federal houses sit—the Linthicum House on P Street (1826), the Bodisco House on O Street (c. 1820), the Berry House on Dumbarton Avenue (1810), and the dangerously named John Stoddert Haw House on N Street (c. 1812). Realtors rarely spell out the difference between the sides (thus "highly desirable location") because of the fury this evokes in the West. (Westerners, while technically less desirable, like to think of their territory as the more artistic, but this is yet to be proved.)

"Charming and convenient" means that no room is more than 10 feet long. "Dining area" refers to a portion of that length. "A doll house" means just that. Fireplaces are often mentioned in ads to compensate for the lack of space. Houses may have two or three fireplaces per room, and this, while it has no practical purpose, is considered an advantage. So are "random hard wood floors," "molded ceilings," "pressed brick construction," "architectural detail throughout," "gourmet kitchen," and "landscaped garden," though no one is sure what these things look like. "Totally remodeled" means that electricity has been installed. "First offering" means that the agency has not been able to sell the house privately.

All Georgetown houses are filled with "warmth"; some are "stately"; a few have "magnificently proportioned rooms"; many have "formal rooms" and "entertainment space." Most are equipped for "gracious living." Few ads list prices nowadays. "Ready for your redecorating hand," "needs tender loving care," and "reduced to $125,000" means that the house has been gutted. The designation "under $200,000" is used to lure the mob, and "a rare opportunity" means that the house costs close to half a million.

By far the most fearsome phrase is "upper brackets." You scan the listings noting a few houses for "under $200,000," fewer "rare opportunities," then your eyes fall to this:

G-E-O-R-G-E-T-O-W-N

On the highest point of and in Georgetown, Washington, D.C., built approximately 1854, restored and redecorated and in excellent condition. A grand and stately residence of magnificent proportion, design in detail; pressed brick construction, random hardwood original flooring, 10 fireplaces with beautiful marble mantels, 12 ft. ceilings and formal rooms with tall French windows opening to the South terrace and garden shaded by huge sycamores, magnolias and other trees. Upper brackets.

The brain dizzies, the mouth goes dry. You hear the fat man exclaim to Sam Spade, "who knows what it's worth?"

Real estate people, who set the prices, often seem mildly surprised by them themselves. Many are former foreign service officers or mothers, so are trained to be unflappable in preposterous situations. They're at their best in open house inspections, where they announce the price, in milky tones, as an "asking price," established, it is inferred, not by the reasonable, benign real estate agent, but by the anonymous millionaire maniac owner, who can hold out forever, and may, for the hell of it. As this occurs the excited owner is probably chewing sawdust in the attic, watching through the floor boards as pilgrims tour his shrine, and muttering something about there being one born every minute.

Rising prices should be a source of gratification to those who own property in Georgetown and gasp over coffee: "Jesus, do you know what we could get for this place today?" But nobody says that seriously intending to sell, because whatever a house will bring—$100,000 more than one originally paid for it, $150,000—will not be enough to buy a similar, much less a better house, at least not in Georgetown (or in Cleveland Park, Spring Valley, Wesley Heights and parts of Chevy Chase, Kalorama, and Capitol Hill, for that matter). Happy or not, middle class families wishing to remain in Georgetown must stay put, and must wonder as they open the water bill, if they're so smart why aren't they rich?

Meanwhile those two bedroom, $175,000 homes are snatched up by GS-15s who, unlike President Washington's Commissioner, are free and able to buy where they choose; and the four bedroom, $300,000 houses are snatched up as avidly by families who *are* rich and getting richer. So the old town goes up a notch, economically, while excluding entrance by slightly-over-average income blacks and whites who could buy in Georgetown today, providing that they wanted to, if prices were at 1975 levels.

But being ahead of the game is how Georgetown got where it is, and why its residents were able to maintain their vantage point high above the Federal City as they watched the fires in 1814.

Roger Rosenblatt

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TRB, *from page 2*

propelled a tiny poison pin; a slight prick in the skin, 2/10 of a milligram and, poof, no Castro. You and I paid for it; we were the employers. It will go down in history for antiquarians to relish for centuries to come that at the moment Kennedy was assassinated by the wicked killer in Dallas, a CIA official in Paris was meeting with a Cuban spy (probably a double agent) to whom we had methodically contracted out the job of killing Castro. (If you doubt this you might look up the Senate report, or read David Wise's excellent, highly documented book, *The American Police State;* Random House, 1976.)

Let us leave Mencken for more immediate affairs. Have you wondered how one nation "signals" another? Come into a downtown hotel where there are 35 reporters, two secret service men and the Secretary of State. Secretary Vance is speaking on the record and with a directness I can't recall from Dean Acheson on. He waves away breakfast (cantaloupe, two fried eggs, three small sausages, fried potatoes and rolls); he discusses world affairs. Middle East? Prime Minister Begin should agree to negotiations without pre-conditions. Cuba? We should continue the dialogue. China? He's going there the week of August 20, "we seek full normalization." Congress? It's a "mistake" to reject international institutional aid for small countries because of their politics, it ties the President's hands. SALT talks? "I think it's unlikely that we will reach agreement before the October 3 expiration date of the interim agreement."

That last grabs reporters' attention; it tells how bright hopes have deteriorated. Then comes the signal: a reporter recalls that just before taking office President Carter said he intended to meet Party leader Brezhnev by September. Will they meet, he asks? "It will depend on the willingness of Mr. Brezhnev," signals Vance carefully, and elaborates. That's the invitation. Vance, mild, ruddy faced, attractive, with droll smile, uses his glasses as Arthur Burns uses his pipe: he plays with them, taps them, looks over them—never looks through them.

Correction

Growing Old in America, reviewed in the July 2nd issue, is published by Oxford University Press, not Basic Books. We regret the error.

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The Classifieds

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It is hard to remind people who do not know Washington that it is also just a city, which carries on its own life even as "the elect and the elected" come here, stay for a time, and mostly then depart.

"The smell of power hangs over the city like cordite," says Harry McPherson, one of the most intelligent and literate of the assistants to Lyndon Johnson; and now we are told that the scent of money clings round the city, as it never has before, like the heavy fragrance of the tulip trees in bloom.

Both no doubt are true. Yet although I am interested in politics, most of my friends and acquaintances are not. They have no connection with it, and certainly are not wealthy: a painter, a literary critic, a sculptor, a short-story writer, an architect, another painter, a priest, an astrophysicist, a historian at the Smithsonian, an actress, even someone who for a time rewove old tapestries at the National Gallery. Most of these have been in Washington for many years, and regard it as their town. If they sniff cordite in the air, they put it down to the pollution that day. Power? Money?

The real secret of the new affluence in Washington is credit. The salaries of most people may not be all that high but, since they are employed by the government, their jobs are regarded as secure, and so credit is easily had.

A realtor told me the other day that one of the reasons for the boom in real estate in Washington in recent years is that "the average credit rating in this city is now probably higher than in any other city in the country." He added with a smile, "I suppose the banks think that every employee of the government has been so thoroughly checked by the FBI that he or she must be a safe bet."

This is especially true of the young professional men and women who now infest the city. When both members of a young couple are working in some government post or other, even if their joint salaries do not amount to much, their credit rating soars. But they have to be married. In fact, it is the banks that are making marriage once more the accepted way of life for young middle-class couples. It is not enough to "hang out" together: Get to the altar, and you will get the credit.

There is another source of jobs, and therefore of money, for the young in Washington. The non-profit "public interest" lobby or organization has become a fruitful way of manufacturing employment for the graduates who are now being spilled out of the universities. Their credit may not be as high as those who are employed by the government, but there is a lot that can be done with an organization that has a "non-profit" status.

There are some buildings in Washington that are rabbit warrens of such organizations, and at least they supply a job, some status, and a salary. Those who work in them can easily be distinguished from their friends in government: it is not so much of an advantage for them to get married, so they still only "hang out" as couples.

But the important fact is that, once the young cottoned on to what could be worked through an organization with a "non-profit" tax status, it has become in Washington a massive form of outdoor relief from the federal government to the huge class of "unemployable graduates."

What of the established, middle-aged, wealthy in Washington? Apart from the fact that most of them are ineffably boring—they come to Washington "bright as dimes," as Robert Lowell once said, and stay until they are "soft and dishevelled"—what is most astonishing about them is what they will tolerate. They sustain two of the worst and most expensive food stores in Washington—Neame's in Georgetown and Larimer's on Connecticut Avenue—and in the restaurants that are described elsewhere in this issue, they allow themselves to be bullied and robbed as they are badly fed; and will eat in any discomfort if it is the right place to be seen.

When Malcolm Muggeridge once arrived early for a luncheon engagement at the Sans Souci, he was told that he could go to the reserved table only if and when his host arrived. Muggeridge asked for a chair on which to sit while he waited, but it also was denied. At this his voice rose to its highest pitch of indignation. "Greed!", he said to the owner, "That is why you overcrowd your restaurant like this. Greed!" But the owner, seeing no need to deny so obvious a motive, turned to show Art Buchwald to his table, and left Muggeridge standing at the entrance.

But in twelve years, off-and-on, of watching the prosperous in Washington, the occasion I remember best was the party that Truman Capote gave in 1968 in New York in honor of Kay Graham. Their abjectness was complete. Those who did not at first receive invitations scrambled for them. Weeks and small fortunes were spent in choosing dresses and designing the masks which Capote demanded that they wear.

Then on a bleak and wet day, the wealthy evacuated Washington, again scrambling for trains because the planes were uncertain. Of course they each spent more to get to New York than it cost Capote to entertain them, and by every account the event was the horror that could have been predicted.

The following day, they returned bedraggled to Washington, trailing their masks, looking for all the world like the retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow. Why had they gone? To be seen where they thought they must be seen.

Meanwhile the brilliant Washington-area black-and-white artist, Mitchell Jaimeson, added to his series of coruscating drawings done in Vietnam a second series on Capote's party that was as savage as Hogarth or Daumier. That's the Washington to remember.

H. F.

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"If I know I'm right, I just have to fight"

Peggie Ann King is not a refugee from the Gulag Archipelago. She's a black American, aged 29, who lives with her husband and two small children in Hampton, Virginia.

But her basic rights have been violated. What happened to her could happen to you or someone you know right here in America.

On October 17, 1975, Peggie Ann King was fired from her job as a kitchen maintenance worker at Fort Monroe near Norfolk, Va., because she didn't want to join a union. Peggie Ann King was told she must join or be "terminated."

Mrs. King got the full "treatment"—ostracism, vile language, all the tricks bullies use wherever they are—in Russia or America.

But Peggie Ann King declined to join. The Union and the company were baffled. They didn't know what to make of this shy but determined young woman. Finally, the company president himself fired Peggie Ann King on the spot "without asking any questions."

Peggie Ann King had a choice—to go out and get another job, which she urgently needed, or take a stand for her basic human rights. She decided to fight back.

Attorney Steven Smith liked Mrs. King's grit but knew they didn't have the resources to battle a battery of high-priced union lawyers. He directed Mrs. King to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. At the Foundation, Peggie Ann King found a sympathetic ear *and* practical help.

On April 1, 1976, a suit was filed in the U. S. District Court in Norfolk charging collusion between employer and union. It argues that Virginia's Right to Work Law (which allows non-union employment) is applicable to a federal installation like Fort Monroe.

Peggie Ann King is a blue-collar worker who now questions the excessive power of big labor. She wants to know why she should be fired because she doesn't choose to join a union. "I thought we were free to say no?" she asks.

Peggie Ann King was fortunate. She found help. But how many *other* Peggie Ann Kings are there in America who need similar help?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation will help them, if it can. Currently it is assisting workers in more than 75 cases across the country.

Peggie Ann King says quietly, "I don't want to hurt people. But if I know I'm right, I just have to fight."

If you'd like to help Peggie Ann King, and all the other Peggie Ann Kings in America, we'd like to hear from you.

For more information on how you can help Peggie Ann King and other workers, write:

The National Right to Work
Legal Defense
Foundation
Suite 610
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

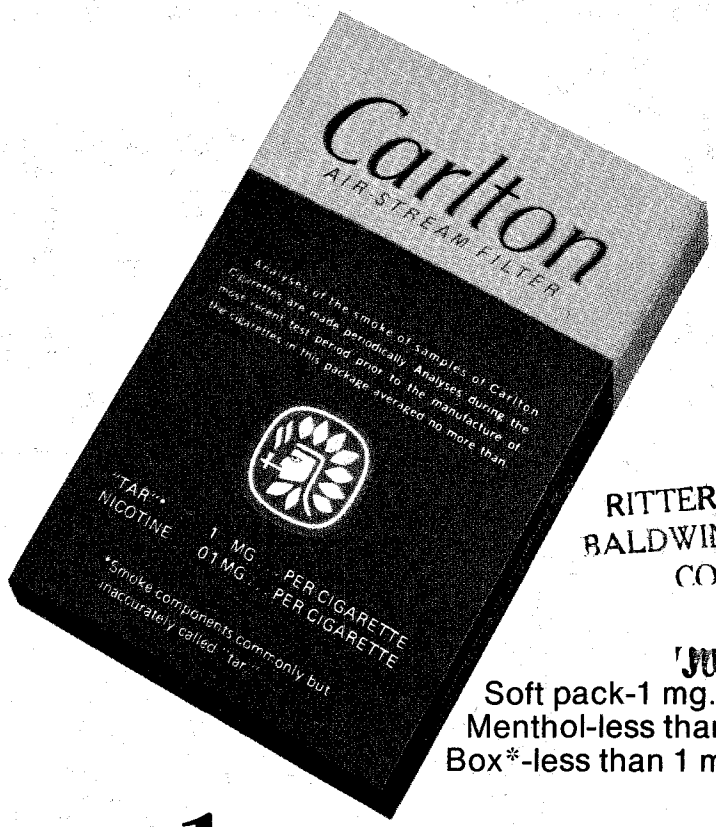
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method


Carlton
AIR STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged no more than
"TAR"*
NICOTINE
1 MG. PER CIGARETTE
01 MG. PER CIGARETTE
*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar"

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JUL 5 1977

Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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